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Art. I. *Memoirs of the Court of King James the First.* By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 858. Price 11.4s. London. 1822.

WORKS of this description, if executed with tolerable ability and fairness, deserve well of the public. Occupying a middle rank between works of dry information and works of amusement, they answer a very useful purpose, in this busy but unlearned age, by making general readers better acquainted with what they ought to be ashamed to be ignorant of,—the history of their own country. On this ground, indeed, the Author of *Waverley* has some claims to the gratitude of his readers; for, although as an expositor of history, he is a most delusive guide, still, we are certainly indebted to him for a personal introduction to some of the most illustrious characters of former days. After reading the *Abbot*, and *Kenilworth*, and the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, we feel that we have not merely read of—we have seen Mary, Queen of Scots, have seen Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Caroline. Were the historical portraits executed with even less fidelity than they are, they would still be valuable as giving an impulse to curiosity respecting the events in which those personages were implicated. In the same manner as the *Lady of the Lake* sent all our tourists in search of the picturesque amid the scenery of the Trossachs, and *Rokeby* recalled them to the milder beauties of the Greta, the *Tales of my Landlord* put its readers upon looking into Scottish history; and the subsequent works of the same inexhaustible pen have tended to create a strong interest in the history of our own country. This interest, the more substantial productions of the memoir-writer are well adapted to gratify. The *Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth* form an acceptable supplement to *Kenilworth*; and the present work will, we doubt not, succeed all the better for the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

VOL. XVIII. N. S.

I

Miss Aikin's object has apparently been, to impart to history the interest, yet not the precise form of biography. In her *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, she succeeded in doing this. But what power of poet or of novelist could render the real character of James the First, or even his court, interesting? To save him from appearing alternately ridiculous and despicable, is all his biographer can do. His is a reign, indeed, with which it required some courage in a female writer to meddle; and Miss Aikin has evidently felt embarrassed by her task. She hopes 'that the indulgence which has attended her former labours, will not be found to have deserted her on the present occasion, when many circumstances, *some of them connected with the subject of these pages*, others of a personal nature, conspire to increase her anxiety and her diffidence.' Yet, the subject has one advantage. The reader brings to the perusal of the history of the reign of James I., fewer prepossessions and less unreasonable expectations. He does not require in the Writer a warmth of imagination which should give to history the colours of poetry, nor does he expect to find in its details the interest of romance. The reign which followed the merry days of good Queen Bess, has never been mistaken for a golden age. It was neither the age of chivalry, nor of gallantry, nor of martial achievements, nor of literary taste. It neither commenced with reformation, nor continued in honour, nor ended with glory. As regards foreign relations, the reign of James is one long disgrace upon our annals. At home, it was the triumph of favouritism, intrigue, ecclesiastical oppression, and profligacy of manners. And yet, this is the reign of which the apologist of the Stuarts says, 'Could human nature ever reach happiness, the condition of the English gentry under so mild and benign a prince, might merit that appellation.*' Rapin closes his history of this period with an opposite remark, that 'whatever may be said for and against King James's person, it is certain that England never flourished less than in his reign.' And he gives the following epigram as a proof of the little esteem in which she was held by her neighbours.

' Tandis qu' Elizabeth fut roy,
L'Anglois fut d'Espagne l'effroy.
Maintenant, devise et caquette,
Régi par la reine Jaquette.†

* Hume's Hist. Appendix to the Reign of James I.

† England, in King Bess's reign,
Once the dread and scourge of Spain,
Has the Don's derision been,
Under Jaqueline her Queen.

'The great figure,' remarks Bishop Burnet in his homely language, 'which the Crown of England had made in Queen Elizabeth's time, who had rendered herself the arbiter of Christendom, and was the wonder of the age, was so much eclipsed, if not quite darkened during this reign, that King James was become the scorn of the age; and while hungry writers flattered him out of measure at home, he was despised by all abroad as a pedant without true judgement, courage, or steadiness, subject to his favourites, and delivered up to the counsels or rather the corruption of Spain.'

James was a striking exception to the general rule, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." The royal pupil of Buchanan retained nothing of the lessons of his master, but his Latin and his pedantry. The young Presbyterian became the zealous and inexorable prelatist. But the events of his early life sufficiently explain the change in his sentiments. James was through life the creature of the most debasing of influences, that exercised by a favourite minion; and if the character of a sovereign may be known from that of his favourites, there needs no other proof of the worthlessness of him who could surrender himself to the guidance successively of such miscreants as Arran, Carr, and Villiers. The Duke of Lennox alone, of all his favourites, bore a character respectable in private life; and he was a Papist. The history of James's Scottish reign, is marked by the most deplorable imbecility and misrule. It is clear, that during the whole period, he was acting with profound dissimulation, and looking to the bright reversion of the English monarchy as the event which was to make him his own master. His hypocritical protestation is well known, when, standing up in the General Assembly with his bonnet off and his eyes raised to heaven, he praised God for being king of such a kirk, the sincerest in the world, adding: 'As for our neighbouring kirk of England, their service is an evil said mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings.' And yet, in the "Basilicon Doron," he urges upon his son the restoration of the bishops, and their re-admission into parliament, as the only remedy against that national pest, the Puritans, whom he vituperates as men 'whom no deserts can oblige, neither oaths nor promises bind, breathing nothing but sedition and calumnies, aspiring without measure, railing without reason, and making their own imaginations, without any warrant of the word, the square of their conscience.' At the head of the party thus intemperately denounced, was Andrew Melville!

'It was in vain,' remarks Miss Aikin, 'that James had declared in his speech to parliament in 1598, that "he minded not to bring in

papistical or Anglicane bishops ;" a decided hostility to the presbyterian discipline marked all his projects and all his actions ; and his earnestness in procuring from the general assembly the absolution of the catholic earls from their sentence of excommunication, assisted in reviving the suspicion of his cherishing a secret partiality for the religion of his mother. These suspicions, however, appear to have been in one sense ill-founded : James, as a polemic, was probably sincere in maintaining the doctrine of the reformers ; but as a prince, he dreaded and abhorred the republican spirit of presbyterianism ; and as expectant of the English crown, he was at this time politically bent on conciliating the favor of the church of Rome at whatever expense of protestant consistency. With a view to this object, he had restored the temporalities of the see of Glasgow to Beaton the catholic archbishop, who had fled his country at the Reformation ; and appointed him his ambassador to France. What was much more flagrant, he addressed a courtly letter to the pope himself, in which, after many professions of regard, and even of gratitude, to the holy father, he declared himself firmly resolved to treat the catholics with indulgence ; and, for the sake of promoting a more frequent and intimate intercourse between Scotland and Rome, solicited the pope to confer the rank of cardinal on Drummond bishop of Vaison. This letter was discovered and copied by the master of Gray, who now resided at Rome in the character of an English spy, and conveyed with all speed to queen Elizabeth. Shocked at the sight, she immediately dispatched Bowes privately to remonstrate on this subject with James ; but, happily for this prince, who would otherwise have had every thing to dread from popular fury, the letter was never made public till some years after James had quitted Scotland. It was then printed by cardinal Bellarmine, in the controversy respecting the oath of allegiance, and was never disavowed by its royal author.' pp. 32, 33.

James's leaning to popery might have been pardonable : it was the religion of his mother. But, in nothing consistent, he wrote, before he was twenty, a Latin commentary on the Apocalypse to prove that the Pope is antichrist, and then favoured the Catholics and courted the Pope. He appointed one of his father's murderers his ambassador to England ; and yet, in his Basilicon Doron, he tells his son : ' Besides the judgements of God that with my eyes I have seen fall upon all them that were chief traitors to my parents, I may justly affirm, I never found yet a constant bidding by me in all my straits, by any that were of perfite age in my parents' days, but only by such as constantly bode by them ; I mean specially by them that served the queen my mother.' That is to say, the Roman Catholics of Scotland. The murder of the Earl of Murray, there can be no doubt, was favoured, if not instigated by James. Burnet says, that the King, ' on a secret jealousy of the Earl of Murray, then esteemed the handsomest man of Scotland, set on the Marquis of Huntley, who was his mortal

‘ enemy, to murder him ; and by a writing all in his own hand, he promised to save him harmless for it. He set the house in which he was on fire ; and the Earl flying away, was followed and murdered ; and Huntley sent Gordon of Buckey with the news to the King. Soon after, all who were concerned in that vile fact were pardoned, which laid the King open to much censure. *And this made the matter of Gowry to be the less believed.*’ A dirge exists, composed for ‘ the bonny earl of Murray,’ in which he is expressly styled ‘ the queen’s love.’ A similar explanation is assigned as the key to the inexplicable story of the Gowry conspiracy. ‘ Out of Scotland,’ writes Sir Henry Neville to Sir Ralph Winwood, ‘ we hear that there is no good agreement, but rather an open diffidence, between the King of Scots and his wife ; and many are of opinion, that the discovery of some affection between her and the Earl of Gowrie’s brother, who was killed with him, was the truest cause and motive of all that tragedy.’ Certain it is, that James’s conduct is unsusceptible of any explanation consistent with his entire innocence in the affair ; and the best that can be said for him, is, that if his jealousy was well founded, it was not without provocation or precedent, that he stooped to assassination.* He who pardoned the murderer of Overbury, cannot at all events be wronged by the suspicion.

‘ The Gowrie conspiracy,’ remarks the present Writer, ‘ if so it merits to be entitled, was the last event of James’s reign in Scotland ; every thing was now hushed into tranquillity around him ; and he had only to await, with as little impatience as possible, the moment destined to bring within his grasp the sceptre on which his hopes and expectations had so long been fixed.

‘ Five and thirty years of royalty had now fully accomplished James VI. in what he called “ king-craft ;” but they had left him deplorably ignorant of the only true art of government,—the best mode of securing the honor and happiness of a civilized nation. Amid the turbulence and lawlessness of the contending factions who had alternately seized the custody of his person and protected themselves by the authority of his name, self-preservation had become the first object of the monarch’s solicitude ; and destitute of all higher and better resources, he had learned to avail himself of the natural weapons of the feeble,—deceit and artifice. A temporising policy, which flattered and disappointed every party by turns, which exposed all his professions to contempt, and all his principles to suspicion, thus became habitual to him, and passed upon himself for the perfection of civil wisdom. Two classes of men indeed, he regarded with undisguised aversion ; the jesuits, who preached up the right of the pope to free

* At a later period, when James was intent on cultivating the friendship of the young King of France, ‘ on occasion of the assassination of the Marshal D’Ancre by order of Louis, he did not scruple to assure him of his approbation of the act.’

subjects from their allegiance to heretical sovereigns ; and the presbyterian clergy, who claimed the privilege of controlling the actions of their prince, and of excommunicating him if he refused to obey their admonitions. Against these enemies he exerted himself with all the energy of which he was capable ; combating the jesuits with his pen, and the Scotch church not with this instrument alone, but with acts of parliament, and acts of power and prerogative, which in any other cause he would have feared to hazard. It seems to have been partly out of opposition to the contumacious spirit of the followers of Knox, that James adopted, and endeavoured to inculcate upon his subjects, that sublime theory of the absolute power and ineffable majesty of kings, which consoled his vanity in some degree for those practical limitations to which a haughty nobility and an intractable presbytery compelled him to submit.

‘ The temper of this prince, though childishy irascible, was only on great and repeated provocations susceptible of rancor and revenge ; towards his courtiers and favorites he overflowed with affability and good nature, and unfortunately both for himself and his people he was able to deny them nothing. Of dignity, whether moral, intellectual, or personal, he was totally destitute ; and his indifference to female society, his passion for the sports of the field, the love of ribaldry and buffoonery which he had caught from Arran and the vile crew of sycophants with which he surrounded him, added to his odious habit of profane swearing, contracted probably in the same society, gave to his manners a decided stamp of coarseness and vulgarity.’ Vol. I. pp. 59—61.

Such was the successor of Queen Elizabeth, before whom, at his accession, an obsequious church and a confiding nation fell prostrate ! James was then in his seven and thirtieth year. His person is thus portrayed.

‘ “ He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough ; his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto proof ; his breeches in plaits and full stuffed : he was naturally of a timorous disposition, which was the reason of his quilted doublets : his eye large, ever rolling after any stranger came in his presence ; insomuch as many for shame have left the room, as being out of countenance : his beard was very thin ; his tongue too large for his mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup of each side his mouth ; his skin was as soft as taffeta sarsenet ; which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers’ ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin. His legs were very weak ; having, as some thought, some foul play in his youth ; or, rather, before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age ; that weakness made him ever leaning on other men’s shoulders ; his walk was ever circular.”

‘ “ The disagreeable impression of so uncouth an exterior was aggravated in James by a dialect scarcely intelligible to the English, and peculiarly offensive to their ears from the sentiment of national ani-

mosity with which it was associated; by a striking impropriety in dress; by a total absence of all dignity in demeanour; and by manners at once illiberal and ungracious. "I shall leave him dressed for posterity," says a caustic writer, "in the colors I saw him in the next progress after his inauguration; which was as green as the grass he trod on; with a feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side. How suitable to his age, calling, or person, I leave others to judge from his pictures."

Notwithstanding all these his eminent disqualifications for acting the part of sovereign before the eyes of a people accustomed to the unrivalled performance of queen Elizabeth, James continued to be borne along with the full tide of popularity; the charms of novelty atoning, as it appears, for every deficiency. Such, in fact, was the excess of obsequiousness every where exhibited, that an honest, plain Scotsman who attended him, surprised at a mode of reception so new both to himself and his master, could not refrain from breaking out into the "prophetical expression," as it is called by Wilson, "This people will spoil a gude king!" Vol. I. pp. 97—9.

James's first act, on entering his newly acquired kingdom, was to commit to prison a seminary priest, who delivered him a petition from the Catholics. His second was, to hang a cut-purse taken in the fact, without the formality of a trial by jury. 'No resistance,' it is said, 'was made on any part to this needless violation of the laws of England, and of the first principles of all civilized government; but it appears to have made a deep impression.' 'I hear our new king hath hanged one man before he was tried,' writes Sir John Harrington; 'tis strangely done; now if the wind bloweth thus, why may not a man be tried before he hath offended?' In the course of the royal progress to the metropolis,

"his majesty passed in state to master Oliver Cromwell's house, where his majesty and all his followers, with all comers whatsoever, had such entertainment as the like had not been seen in any place before, since his first setting forward out of Scotland. There was such plenty and variety of meats, such diversity of wines, and those not riff-ruff, but ever the best of the kind, and the cellars open at any man's pleasure. And if it were so common with wine, there is little question but the butteries for beer and ale were more common." "As this bounty was held back to none within the house, so, for such poor people as would not press in, there were open beer-houses erected, wherein there was no want of bread and beef for the comfort of the poorest creatures.—Neither was this provision for the little time of his majesty's stay; but it was made ready fourteen days, and after his highness' departure distributed to as many as had mind for it." The personage by whom James was received with this magnificence of hospitality, was a loyal and jovial gentleman who lived high, spent the greater part of his estate, and died the oldest knight in England, one and fifty years afterwards, during the protectorate of

his nephew and godson, of whom he never deigned to beg a favour.' Besides all his good and costly cheer, master Cromwell at parting presented the king with many gifts; as, a large gold cup, fine horses, deep-mouthed hounds, and hawks of excellent wing; he likewise divided fifty pounds amongst his officers. Horses richly caparisoned were presented to James by others of his loyal entertainers.'

Vol. I. pp. 105, 106.

Little did the King dream that the godson and namesake of his host, should usurp the throne he was now proceeding to occupy, and sign the death-warrant of his unhappy son. The anecdote shews the absurdity of the calumny, adopted by Hume, which ascribes to the Protector a mean origin.

James had been seated on the throne of England nearly a twelvemonth, ere he condescended to call a parliament. The pestilence which had raged in the metropolis was made a pretence for the delay; but that was surely a very insufficient reason, since a parliament might have been summoned to meet at a safe distance from London, as, in the reign of Henry VIII., the abbey church of St. Alban's was used for that purpose, and as Charles I. summoned the commons to meet at Oxford.

'In his proclamation for the calling of the parliament, the king took upon him to instruct the electors what kind of persons they should choose or reject for their representatives; and he even went so far as to threaten, that any notorious contravention of the meaning of this his royal edict, should be visited upon the cities or boroughs with forfeiture of their liberties, and upon the persons elected, with fine and imprisonment;—by what law, or in what court of judicature, it were superfluous to inquire. In the house of lords the cause of prerogative might be expected to triumph uncontrolled; the bench of bishops, with not more than one or two exceptions, were its devoted partisans; and amongst the temporal peers, the new creations alone would go far towards securing it from defeat; the number of these already amounting to nineteen out of eighty-eight, at this time the sum total of the baronage of England, including the two attainted lords Cobham and Grey of Wilton. The fact may be worth stating, that only nine peers of the creation of Elizabeth sat in the first parliament of her successor.'

The King's speech to his parliament was characterised by its prolixity, its high unconstitutional pretensions, and its offensive impolicy. It stigmatised the Puritans as novelists and disaffected persons, whose impatience to suffer any superiority 'maketh their seats insufferable in any well-governed commonwealth,' while it avowed a readiness on the part of the Monarch to meet the Catholics half-way. James had already, in the Hampton-court conference, given an appalling specimen of his notions of royal prerogative in matters either civil or ecclesiastical. A petition from upwards of a thousand clergy-

men of the Puritan persuasion, praying for 'a reformation in the church-service, ministry, livings, and discipline,' had been 'obtruded on the reluctant notice of James in his progress to the capital.' In Jan. 1604, the divines were summoned to Hampton-court. On the first day, a select number of the bishops and deans were admitted to a private conference with the King, none of the petitioning party being present. At the next meeting, four ministers only, nominated by the King, appeared for the Puritan divines; and the conference began in the presence of the privy council and a throng of courtiers, the King himself presiding as moderator: The following is the account of the proceedings given by an eye-witness, Sir John Harrington, who was certainly, Miss Aikin remarks, neither a Puritan himself, nor a friend of Puritans.

"The bishops came to the king about the petition of the puritans. I was by, and heard much discourse. The king talked much Latin, and disputed with Dr. Reynolds at Hampton; but he rather used upbraidings than argument, and told the petitioners that they wanted to strip Christ again, and bid them away with their snivelling; The bishops seemed much pleased, and said his majesty spoke by the power of inspiration. I wist not what they mean; but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed. I cannot be present at the next meeting, though the bishop of London said that I might be in the ante-chamber: it seemeth the king will not change the religious observances. There was much discourse about the ring in marriage and the cross in baptism; but if I guess aright, the petitioners against one cross will find another."

According to Rapin, who follows chiefly Echard and Spottiswood, the Puritan ministers were over-awed at finding the King take upon himself to reply to them, sometimes with reasons, sometimes with threats. 'Seeing the King become their adversary, which they did not expect, they chose to be silent and feigned to be satisfied.' The points they insisted upon, were, he tells us, '1. That sufficient care was not taken to plant good and learned pastors in the churches, to the great prejudice of the people. 2. That subscription was required to the Common Prayer Book, wherein they saw several things which their conscience would not suffer them to receive. 3. That the clergy were liable to the censures of laymen, by means of the High Commission. 4. They objected against the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, the surplice, with some other things which they looked upon as superstitious.' Their spokesman was Dr. Reynolds, who has the merit of having suggested the expediency of a new translation of the Scriptures, which the King promised to have carried into execution. And this, which was the only good result of the

mock-conference, forms the brightest action of the Monarch's reign. The other Puritan ministers were, Dr. Spark, Mr. Knewstubb, and Mr. Chaderton. Archbishop Whitgift was the prelate who declared that 'he verily believed the King 'spoke by the spirit of God.' Dr. Welwood says, that the conference 'was but a blind to introduce Episcopacy into 'Scotland.' All the Scotch noblemen then at court were directed to be present; and others, both noblemen and ministers, were called up from Scotland by the King's letter to assist at it. The King's pointed and angry allusions to the Scotch Presbyterians, in the course of the conference, and his subsequent measures in Scotland, afford some countenance to the supposition. They shew at least that he had already taken his resolution with regard to Episcopacy. 'If you aim at a Scotch 'presbytery,' he told the ministers, 'it agrees as well with 'monarchy as God and the devil.' And he concluded the conference by saying: 'If this be all your party hath to say, 'I will make them conform themselves, or else *harrie* them 'out of the land, or else do worse.'

'James was the first king of England to whom the inappropriate title of *sacred majesty* was applied.'

James's first English favourite was Philip Herbert, whom he created Earl of Montgomery. The comeliness of his person, and his skill and indefatigable industry in hunting, (the King's favourite amusement next to polemics,) are assigned by Clarendon as the cause of his advancement. 'He pretended to no 'other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs very 'well; which his master loved him the better for, being, at his 'first coming into England, very jealous of those who had the 'reputation of great parts.' Violence of temper and profligacy of manners were afterwards this favourite's prominent characteristics. His nuptials with the daughter of the Earl of Oxford, which were entirely managed by the King, were celebrated at court with all possible magnificence and festivity. 'The brutal 'sports of the cockpit, disused and even prohibited by Elizabeth, were revived, and served to divert the King twice a 'week in the intervals of hunting.' The manners of the court of James are more fully described in Sir John Harrington's account of an entertainment given at Theobalds by the Earl of Salisbury to the royal Dane, who in 1606 visited this country. Christian IV., we are told, 'was not less addicted to deep carousals than his illustrious predecessor, the uncle of prince 'Hamlet.'

' "In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings. I came here a day or two before the Danish

king came, and from the day he did come until this hour, I have been well-nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort as had well-nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the parliament did kindly to provide his majesty so seasonably with money, for there hath been no lack of good living; shows, sights and banquetings from morn to eve.

“ One day a great feast was held, and after dinner, the representation of Solomon his temple and the coming of the queen of Sheba was made, or, I may better say, was meant to have been made before their majesties, by device of the earl of Salisbury and others.—But alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The lady who did play the queen's part, did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties, but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His majesty then got up, and would dance with the queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Faith, Hope, and Charity: Hope did essay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her brevity: Faith was then alone, for I am certain she was not joined with good works, and left the court in a staggering condition: Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which heaven had not already given his majesty. She then returned to Faith and Hope, who were both sick in the lower hall. Next came Victory in bright armour, and by a strange medley of versification did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away like a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the antechamber. Now Peace did make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and much contrary to her semblance, most rudely made war with her olive branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

“ I have much marvelled at these strange pageantries, and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our queen's days; of which I was sometimes an humble presenter and assistant; but I did ne'er see such lack of good order, discretion and sobriety, as I have now done.

“ I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise or food. I will now in good sooth declare to you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man should blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance.

“ The great ladies go well masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenance; but, alack, they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at ought that happens. The lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobalds, and doth marvellously please both kings with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say, but not aloud, that the Danes have again conquered the Britons; for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself. I wish I was at home: “ *O rus, quando te aspiciam?* ”—And I will before prince Vaudemont cometh.

“ I hear the uniting the kingdoms is now at hand; when the parliament is held, more will be done in this matter. Bacon is to manage all this affair, as who can better do these state jobs. . . . If you would wish to see how folly doth grow, come up quickly; otherwise stay where you are, and meditate on the future mischiefs of those our posterity, who shall learn the good lessons and examples held forth in these days.” Vol. I. pp. 278—282.

It was about the year 1606, that Robert Carr (or Ker) had the good fortune to break his leg in the presence of James. In the act of dismounting his horse, to present to the monarch the shield and device of the nobleman who had selected him as his page, the animal started and threw him. James, who had already been ‘captivated by his graces,’ was filled with grief at the accident; he ordered his own surgeons to attend to him, and after the tilting, visited the sufferer in person. He condescended afterwards to become not only his patron but his schoolmaster. On Christmas eve 1607, the young Scotchman was knighted and sworn a gentleman of the bedchamber. The ‘royal frenzy’ was at its height when Lord Thomas Howard wrote to Sir John Harrington in the following terms.

“ Robert Carr is now most likely to win the prince's affection, and doth it wonderously in a little time. The prince leaneth on his arm, pinches his cheek, smoothes his ruffled garment, and, when he looketh at Carr, directeth discourse to divers others. This young man doth much study all art and device; he hath changed his tailors and tire-

men many times, and all to please the prince, who laugheth at the long-grown fashion of our young courtiers, and wisheth for change every day.

"You have lived to see the trim of old times, and what passed in the queen's days. These things are no more the same. Your queen did talk of her subjects' love and good affections, and in good truth she aimed well; our king talketh of his subjects' fear and subjection, and herein I think he doth well too, as long as it holdeth good. Carr hath all the favors, as I told you before; the king teacheth him Latin every morning, and I think some one should teach him English too; for as he is a Scottish lad, he hath much need of better language. The king doth much covet his presence; the ladies too are not behind hand in their admiration; for I tell you, good knight, this fellow is straight-limbed, well-favored, strong-shouldered and smooth faced, with some sort of cunning and show of modesty; though, G—wot, he well knoweth when to show his impudence. You are not young, you are not handsome, you are not finely; and yet will you come to court and think to be well favored? Why, I say again, good knight, that your learning may somewhat prove worthy hereunto; your Latin and your Greek, your Italian and your Spanish tongues, your wit and discretion, may be well looked unto for a time, as strangers at such a place; but these are not the things men live by now-a-days. Will you say, the moon shineth all the summer? that the stars are bright jewels fit for Carr's ears? that the roan jennet surpasseth Bucephalus, and is worthy to be bestriden by Alexander? that his eyes are fire, his tale is Berenice's locks, and a few more such fancies worthy your noticing? Your lady is virtuous, and somewhat of a good housewife; has lived in a court in her time, and I believe you may venture her forth again; but I know those would not so quietly rest were Carr to leer on their wives, as some do perceive, yea, and like it well too they should be so noticed. If any mischance be to be wished, 'tis breaking a leg in the king's presence, for this fellow owes all his favor to that bout; I think he hath better reason to speak well of his own horse than the king's roan jennet. We are almost worn out in our endeavours to keep pace with this fellow in his duty and labor to gain favor, but all in vain; where it endeth I cannot guess, but honors are talked of speedily for him."

Vol. I. pp. 327—30.

The open and notorious animosity which subsisted between this minion of the doating monarch and the heir apparent, gave strength to the prevailing supposition, that the death of Prince Henry was occasioned by poison. Colonel Titus told Bishop Burnet, that he had it from King Charles I.'s own mouth, that he was 'well assured he was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means.' Miss Aikin, however, cites, from her father's (Dr. Aikin) memoirs of the physician who attended him, the evidence of direct and authentic testimony, to prove that the disease was a putrid fever. 'From the whole course of the symptoms, as well as the appearances on dissection, there

'cannot,' says Dr. Aikin, 'be the least doubt that his death was the consequence of a natural disease, and not induced by any iniquitous means, as some of the enemies of that unhappy family have affected to believe.' That the belief was at least unaffected, although it might be unfounded, is certain; nor would an official statement from the physician, nor even a certificate from the king, be sufficient to lay suspicion asleep. The examination of his body, and the pains taken to refute the opinion of his having been unfairly dealt with, prove that the suspicion had gained no slight hold on the public mind. Hume says: 'The bold and criminal malignity of men's tongues and pens spared not even the king on the occasion. But that prince's character seems rather to have failed in the extreme of facility and humanity, than in that of cruelty and violence.' Such a charge against a father, and that father a monarch, may well be styled bold and criminal; and it were far better that the crime should be judged incredible. Hume's argument drawn from King James's character, is, however, singularly weak. Not to speak of the murder of the Earl of Murray and the Gowry affair, the King's protection of the murderer of Sir Thomas Overbury, has left an indelible stain on his character; and it is not a little remarkable, that his equivocal conduct should in no fewer than four instances have laid him open to such dark suspicions. The burning of Bartholemew Legate on March 18, 1612, in pursuance of the royal writ, as a contumacious heretic, followed by that of Edward Wightman, both Arians, forms an emphatic comment on the Monarch's humanity. 'King James was the last sovereign of this country by whom Smithfield fires were lighted.'

James was at Theobalds when the news of his son's death was brought to him.

'He received the melancholy intelligence with great insensibility. After a very short interval, all persons were prohibited from approaching the royal presence in the garb of mourning, and special orders were given that the preparations for the Christmas festivities should proceed without interruption. *Three days only after the prince's death*, viscount Rochester, who was now regarded as minister as well as favourite, wrote to Sir Thomas Edmonds, the ambassador to France, *to recommence in the name of Prince Charles, the marriage treaty begun for his brother*; but a sense of decency withheld Edmonds from immediate compliance with these strange directions. Richard, earl of Dorset, writing to the same ambassador on Nov. 23., has the following strong passage relative to the behaviour which he witnessed on this occasion. "That our rising sun is set ere scarcely he had shone, and that with him all our glory lies buried, you know and do lament as well as we; *and better than some do*, and more truly, or else you are not a man, and sensible of this kingdom's loss."

The welfare of the nation depends so much less on the personal character of the monarch than on his counsellors, that all speculation as to the probable consequences of Prince Henry's accession to the throne, can be no better than unauthorized conjecture. Next to the death of Edward VI., however, the loss of this noble-minded young man, would seem to rank as a national calamity.

'A strong sense of religion appears to have been early impressed on the mind of Henry; partly, it is probable, by his able and upright governor, Sir Thomas Chaloner, who lay under some suspicion of puritanism. Not content with exhibiting a pattern of perfect regularity and strict religious observance in his own conduct, his youthful zeal displayed itself by his ordering boxes to be kept at his three houses, to receive the penalties on profane swearing, which he ordered to be strictly levied on his household. The notorious culpability of the king his father in this point, rendered the contrast striking and perhaps invidious. To the same effect we have the following fine anecdote. Once when the prince was hunting the stag, it chanced the stag, being spent, crossed the road where a butcher and his dog were travelling; the dog killed the stag, which was so great that the butcher could not carry him off. When the huntsmen and the company came up, they fell at odds with the butcher, and endeavoured to incense the prince against him; to whom the prince soberly answered, "What if the butcher's dog killed the stag, what could the butcher help it?" They replied, if his father had been served so, he would have sworn so as no man could have endured it. "Away," replied the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath!"'

The year 1616 witnessed the fall of the insolent and rapacious Somerset, and the rise of George Villiers. To the undisguised hostilities which agitated the court between the rival factions of the rising and the sinking favourite, a contemporary writer ascribes the bringing to light of the murder of Overbury. The King is said to have expressed great indignation against Somerset and his wife, 'for having made him an agent in their adultery and murder;' and to have 'imprecated a solemn curse upon Coke and his posterity if he spared any, and upon himself and his if he pardoned any of them.' The subordinate accomplices in this infernal crime, suffered at Tyburn; but the earl and his equally infamous countess, being declared guilty by the unanimous verdict of the peers, were simply remanded to the Tower, where the countess soon after received the King's pardon. Somerset was reprieved from time to time, till at length, in 1621, both were liberated, and sent to live in banishment at a country seat; 'the King allowing no less a sum than 4000*l.* a year out of Somerset's forfeited estate for their maintenance.' He ordered also, that the arms of the earl, notwithstanding his being condemned of felony,

should not be removed out of the chapel at Windsor, and 'that
 ' felony should not be reckoned among the disgraces for those
 ' who were to be excluded from the order of St. George;
 ' which,' adds Camden, ' was without precedent.' Burnet
 tells us, that, wearied and exasperated with the insolent con-
 tempt of the Duke of Buckingham, the King had resolved,
 just before his death, to bring the Earl of Somerset again into
 favour. ' As that lord reported it to some from whom he
 ' had it,' the King met him in the night in the gardens at The-
 obalds. ' Two bed-chamber men only were in the secret.
 ' The King embraced him tenderly and with many tears. The
 ' Earl of Somerset believed the secret was not well kept; for
 ' soon after the King was taken ill with some fits of an ague,
 ' and died of it.' ' My father,' adds the Bishop, ' was then in
 ' London, and did very much suspect an ill practice in the mat-
 ' ter. But perhaps Dr. Craig, my mother's uncle, who was
 ' one of the King's physicians, possessed him with these appre-
 ' hensions, for he was disgraced for saying he believed the
 ' King was poisoned.'

The year 1617 is distinguished by a royal visit to Scotland,
 which was followed by the publication of the *Book of Sports*.
 The circumstances which led to this obnoxious measure, are
 thus detailed by the Author.

' During the king's journey back from Scotland, which he con-
 verted into a hunting progress of several weeks, the observations
 which he had occasion to make on the temper of the people in the
 north of England, and particularly in Lancashire, seconded by a
 petition from the inhabitants of that county, suggested to him a mea-
 sure pregnant with future mischiefs to the house of Stuart. This was
 the publication of a " declaration to encourage recreations and
 sports on the Lord's Day;" commonly called the *Book of Sports*.
 The indulgence was a large one, comprehending dancing, archery,
 leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsunales, morrice dances, and
 setting up of Maypoles; bull and bear baiting, interludes and bowls
 being alone prohibited of the diversions permitted on other days.
 It was however provided, that these recreations should be held at
 such hours as not to interfere with divine service, and that they should
 be allowed to such persons only as had performed the religious duties
 of the day at their own parish churches.

' The people of Lancashire, mostly catholics, embraced with joy the
 permission to return to their ancient recreations, some of which were
 closely connected with the observances of the old religion; and the
 declaration seems to have been read without scruple in the parish
 churches of that county. On the other hand, it was regarded with
 horror by the puritanical clergy, and indeed by all but a high-church
 party, throughout the rest of the kingdom; and Wilson states, that
 the king's design of causing it to be published in all the parish
 churches of the kingdom, was quashed by the primate's positive refusal
 to read it in his own church of Croydon.' Vol. II. pp. 76, 77.

One of the objections made against the puritanical observance of the Sunday, as given by Fuller, was this: 'That this doctrine put an unequal lustre on the Sunday, on set purpose to eclipse all other holidays, to the derogation of the authority of the Church.' It is remarkable how the influence of this notion still continues to operate. There are many parishes, some not twenty miles from the metropolis, where the open profanation of the Lord's Day is not more striking than the strictness with which Good Friday and Christmas day are observed. In one instance which recently came under our observation, while not a shop was open on the consecrated week-day, on the Sunday morning more business is regularly done in the town than on any other day of the seven; and this under the sanction, or at least with the connivance, of the Hon. and Rev. the Vicar and other resident magistrates, who have withstood every attempt to put a stop to the practice.—Of James himself it is stated, that

'it is difficult to say whether he more disliked the strictness of a Sabbath observance as a badge of puritanism, or as a check on the natural carelessness and festivity of his temper. Theologian as he was, his behaviour even at church was grossly irreverent; and the common decencies of the day were fearlessly violated by his household and attendants. On this head it is related, that the court being once about to remove on a Monday from Whitehall to Theobalds, the carts were sent through the city the day before in service time, with much noise and clatter. The lord-mayor caused them to be stopped, equally to the indignation and astonishment of the officers who attended them, by whom an angry representation was carried to the king of the indignity which had been put upon them. James was much enraged, and swore he thought there had been no more kings in England than himself: however, after a pause, he condescended to order a regular warrant to be sent to the lord-mayor for the release of the carts: the magistrate immediately complied, with this remark: "while it was in my power I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey." The king was struck with the answer, and, on second thoughts, thanked the lord-mayor for his conduct.'

The next memorable event in the reign of James, is his base sacrifice of Sir Walter Raleigh at the instigation of the Spanish minister, of which the King had the meanness to make a merit in the pending negotiation for the marriage of the Infanta to Prince Charles. He was cut off in the sixty-sixth year of his age, leaving one son behind him, Carew Raleigh. This youth became 'an accomplished gentleman,' and was some years afterwards presented at Court. But the King took a dislike to him, saying, 'that he looked like his father's ghost;' and young Raleigh was advised to travel till the death of James.

In the midst of this negotiation with the Court of Spain, the Defender of the Faith had the compliment paid him by Prince Maurice, of a request to delegate representatives of the Churches of England and Scotland to the Protestant synod opened at the city of Dordrecht or Dort, in Nov. 1618. James had already fully committed himself on the question at issue between the Remonstrants and the Counter-remonstrants, by his busy and arrogant interference in the matter of Vorstius the Socinian. But there is reason to believe that since then, his horror of the Arminian novelties had considerably abated.

‘The system of Arminius, which the king was pledged to reprobate in Holland, had in England already become that of many of the most able champions of the prelatical or high-church party, with which he had contracted so close and affectionate an alliance : on the other hand, the system of the Gomarists, whose cause he had hotly and hastily espoused, coincided exactly, both in faith and discipline, with the scheme of the Scotch presbyterians and English puritans, so much the object of his dread and detestation ; and it suddenly occurred to him, that the parity of ministers in the church, which in his own kingdoms he had constantly affirmed to be essentially incompatible with monarchical principles, must be equally irreconcilable with the authority which his ally prince Maurice was endeavouring to assume in Holland. Struck with the dilemma, he hastened to convey to this leader an earnest caution against bestowing his confidence exclusively on the Gomarists. The politics of Maurice did not apparently permit him to attend to this advice ; but the spirit of it was scrupulously observed by James himself in his selection of divines to attend the synod, which was evidently made on the principle of a balance, and with the purpose of promoting mutual conciliation.’ Vol. II. pp. 128, 4.

The Church of England was at this period on the eve of assuming a new phasis ; but its prelates were still for the most part Calvinists. Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, is described as ‘painful, stout, severe against bad manners, of a grave and voluble eloquence, very hospital, fervent against the Roman Church, and no less against the Arminians ;’ he was also a ‘most stirring councillor for the defence of the Palatinate.’ The admirable Launcelot Andrews, whose death Milton bewailed, held the see of Winchester ; George Carlton was bishop of Llandaff, and Hall and Davenant were destined shortly to become, the former, bishop of Norwich, the latter, of Salisbury. Other Calvinistic divines held high preferments ; and the lord keeper Williams, subsequently bishop of Lincoln, is said to have coincided with Abbot in his theological opinions, although he discountenanced, as a politician, all rigour against either Arminians or Catholics. But the hierarchy was now about to receive as one of its episcopal heads, a man destined to effect an important revolution in the theo-

logical character of the Establishment;—a man whose fierce temper, unbounded ambition, and malignant bigotry seemed to combine all the elements of combustion and mischief. He, it seems, had been selected to knit the infamous knot which united the Earl and Countess of Somerset in a guilty alliance; and he had since contrived to fasten himself on Buckingham, in whose favour he quickly supplanted the very man to whom he was indebted for his promotion. It reflects credit on James's sagacity, that when Williams importunately interceded with him to bestow on Laud the see of St. David's, the facile monarch did not yield without using 'fierce and ominous words 'too tart to be repeated;' giving his consent in these remarkable words: 'Then take him to you, but on my soul you will repent it.'

It was not long before Laud's character began to display itself in his invidious efforts to have the primate declared 'irregular by the fact of involuntary homicide.' In this he was seconded by the lord-keeper, to whom a vacancy at Lambeth would have opened a brilliant prospect.

'Dr. Laud had a quarrel of twenty years standing with Abbot; who had on several occasions at Oxford opposed and censured him on account of the popish tendencies of doctrines maintained by him in his academical exercises. It was with the lord-keeper and the bishop elect of St. David's, that the suggestion of the archbishop's irregularity appears to have originated.'

For once, however, James shewed some firmness. By letters under the great seal, he assoiled the primate, to whom he continued to extend his protection; and notwithstanding the displeasure which he had occasionally entertained against him on political grounds, it was by Abbot that he chose to be attended in his last hours. During the life of the primate, the Calvinistic doctrines continued to find a powerful protector. It was not till after his decease, that Laud, in conjunction with Buckingham, was enabled to carry into execution his plans of ecclesiastical reform, and to display all the madness of his zeal and all the fierceness of his intolerance. The death of Abbot gives the era of the establishment of Arminianism as the reigning system of the Church, on the ruins of the discarded theology of its founders, whose tenets were thenceforward abandoned to the Puritans.

From this period, the history of the reign consists of James's ill-advised contests with that Parliament to which, as Lord John Russell justly remarks, 'every Englishman ought to look 'back with reverence.' The King, the subject of public mockery abroad, was now fast sinking into insignificance at home. Buckingham's unbounded ascendancy not unfrequently shewed itself in a deportment rude and audacious to the monarch him-

self; and it soon became evident that his chief concern was to conciliate the favour of the prince.

‘ It was in concerting measures for the journey to Spain, that Buckingham, skilfully availing himself of the facile and governable temper of Charles, first found means to possess himself of his unreserved confidence; and this, as we are told by Clarendon, “after a long time of declared jealousy and displeasure on the prince’s part, and occasion enough ministered on the other.” ’

With how fatal an influence the hereditary favourite continued to guide, or rather to precipitate the infatuated counsels of the youthful monarch, is but too well known. His power was now little short of absolute.

‘ Nothing was ever denied him, and there was apparently nothing which he scrupled to ask. The doting king was even contented to live himself in absolute poverty and want, that he might shower riches with a more lavish hand on his favorite; and sublime as were his speculative notions of the majesty of a king,—of the almost Divine honour attached to the character,—he was willing in practice to submit himself to the will and pleasure of an insolent and capricious minion, who did not deign to observe towards him the common decencies of outward respect. . . . Such was the softness and pusillanimity of the monarch’s temper, that, (after Buckingham’s infamous conduct in Spain,) instead of inflicting upon him any outward mark of his displeasure, he continued towards him all his former demonstrations of confidence and affection, and suffered him to rule his court and his councils with a more imperious sway than ever. Yet the ingratitude of this creature of his love and bounty stung him deeply; he would often, in his absence, vent his feelings in bitter speeches against him, and his deep dejection was visible to every eye. “ He continued at Newmarket, as in an infirmary, for he forgot his recreations of hunting and hawking; yet could not be drawn to keep the feast of All-Saints and the Fifth of November at Whitehall, being wont to shew his presence at those solemnities. Against Christmas he drew towards the city, and no sooner.” ’

After this, we find Buckingham and his royal scholar Prince Charles, playing off the power of the Parliament against the old King, by zealously promoting a war with Spain, and ‘ a stinging petition’ of the two houses against Popery. They next procured, in base revenge, the impeachment of the Earl of Middlesex, the lord-treasurer, for corruption; which the King passionately resented as a wound to the Crown that would not easily be healed, using, according to Clarendon, these remarkable expressions: to Buckingham he said in great choler, ‘ By —, Stenny, you are a fool, and will shortly repent of this folly, and will find that, in a fit of popularity, you are making a rod with which to scourge yourself.’ Then turning to his

son, he told him that he 'would live to have his belly-full of parliamentary impeachments; and when I shall be dead,' added the old King, 'you will have too much cause to remember how much you have contributed to the weakening of the Crown.' If these ominous words afterwards occurred to Charles's recollection, he had not the consolation of knowing, that he had been actuated by either patriotic or honourable motives in this short-lived alliance with the Parliament against his father and sovereign. His conduct at this period reflects an indelible disgrace on his character. The feeble-minded King, now under the absolute sway of Buckingham and Charles, did not long survive these successive mortifications. He was seized, early in the Spring of 1625, with a tertian ague, and expired at Theobalds, Mar. 27, 1625, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. The supposition that his death was hastened by the drink and plaister administered by Buckingham, in defiance of the physicians, has much more probability than nine stories out of ten which attribute the death of princes to poison. Nothing could be more suspicious than the haughty favourite's officiousness at a time that he had every thing to gain, and nothing to fear, from the death of the King, whose confidence he was conscious of having justly forfeited; and the motives of his mother, an intriguing and ambitious Roman Catholic, in furnishing the nostrums, are not less liable to reasonable suspicion. Yet, if poisoned, James was more fortunate than either his ill-fated mother, or his misguided son, who both died on the scaffold.

The pity awakened by the treatment which the doting monarch received from his creature Steenie, and our indignation against the audacious favourite, insensibly soften down the impressions produced by the tenor of James's private and political conduct. But in vain do we look for any points in his character on which to found a sentiment of esteem. Hume, in marshalling his virtues, admits that his generosity bordered on profusion, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, and his wisdom on cunning; his learning also, which he strangely classes as a virtue, bordered, he says, on pedantry. Lord John Russell has more correctly estimated his intellectual character, when he says, 'His sayings do him credit as a wit; his learning was not unbecoming a scholar; but his conduct made him contemptible as a King.' Excessive and ridiculous vanity was his leading foible; but this, though an indication of a feeble character, would not in itself have betrayed him into crime. He is said to have been good-natured; but it may well be questioned whether a good-nature that kept him neither from fits of ungovernable passion, nor from acts of tyranny, nor from deeds of blood,—a good-nature which stood only in the way of his doing

right, deserves a better name than weakness. His polemical zeal looked like religion; but it was a religion that neither restrained him from habitual profaneness, nor prompted a decent observance of the forms of godliness. Whatever was his creed, he was an antinomian in practice; and his gross dissimulation and perjury would tempt one to believe that he had embraced the Romish scheme of morals, and relied either on his kingly prerogative or on priestly absolution, in setting the vulgar obligations of truth at defiance. No name could have been more unlucky than that bestowed upon him by his courtly panegyrists, of a second Solomon, which is said to have provoked from Henry IV. the biting sarcasm, never to be forgiven, 'that he hoped he was not David the fiddler's son.'

In taking leave of these volumes, we cannot but express ourselves highly satisfied with their general execution. Although the subject is less captivating than that of the Author's former work, we are strongly inclined to give the preference to these Memoirs, in point of literary merit. Miss Aikin's style is, we think, not a little improved; and she has availed herself of some valuable manuscript documents, as well as of the rich variety of published materials. The work is fairly entitled to the praise of competent ability, some research, calm impartiality, and substantial correctness. It is but fair to add, that it is by no means spun out; and the Memoirs are quite free from philosophizing or sentimental digression. On the whole, it deserves at least to become equally popular with the Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth.

Art. II. 1. *Hints on Missions.* By James Douglas, Esq. 12mo. pp. 118. Edinburgh. 1822.

2. *A Retrospect of the First Ten Years of the Protestant Mission to China.* Accompanied with Miscellaneous Remarks on the Literature, History, and Mythology of China. By William Milne. 8vo. pp. 376. Malacca. Printed at the Anglo-Chinese Press. 1820.

3. *The Influence of Protestant Missionary Establishments in developing the physical and moral Condition of Man, and elucidating the dark Regions of the Globe, briefly delineated.* With a coloured Map, exhibiting the Progress of Christianity, and the professed Religions of Mankind. By Thomas Myers, A.M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 4to. pp. 16. Price 3s. London. 1822.

4. *The History of Greenland:* including an Account of the Mission carried on by the United Brethren in that Country. From the German of David Crantz. With a Continuation to the present Time, illustrative Notes, and an Appendix, containing a Sketch of the Mission of the Brethren in Labrador. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xii, 684. Price 11. 1s. London. 1820.

IF there is less of a Missionary spirit in the present day, than there was in the times of the Apostles, there is, as Mr.

Douglas remarks, 'more of a Missionary spirit than has ever existed since the times of the Apostles and their immediate successors.' And to a devout believer, this very circumstance is a presage of the most inspiring kind. This simultaneous kindling of a zeal which has lain dormant or smouldering for ages, this new, and widely spreading, and still increasing spirit of Missionary enterprise in almost every denomination of Christians, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on any other principle than that of an intention on the part of the Divine Governor of the world, to employ the instrumentality thus called into action, for the consummation of his revealed designs. Our confidence that this feeling will not evaporate, must rest on the persuasion which ascribes it to an out-pouring of a celestial influence. And viewed in this light, the general feeling and expectation of Christians, is an unequivocal sign that events of no ordinary character are at hand, to which, judging from the analogy of the Divine proceedings, the instrumentality employed will bear the relation of subordinate means, not of an adequate cause, so that the excellency of the power shall appear to be of God and not of man. Even now, to use the glowing language of a powerful Missionary advocate, Christians 'can descry through the gross darkness that covers the pagan regions, a mystical signature by the finger of God on every spot, to indicate its assignment by that covenant which has given to the Messiah the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. That declared decree in heaven, that substance of the thing hoped for, is brought down to the earth in the confident anticipations of the faithful, and beheld as in the fact of a universal kingdom.'*

Still, there are times when the immense numerical disproportion between even the nominally Christian, and the Mahomedan and Pagan portions of the human race, occurs to damp the ardour of expectation, and to suggest the most overwhelming reflections. Six hundred millions of heathens appear a compact mass of substantial darkness, which it is hopeless to attempt to permeate by the light which is beginning partially and faintly to illuminate the wide surface. The harvest to be reaped so vastly transcends the physical powers of the labourers, that we feel convinced that we see but the feeble beginnings of a work which will require an array of means and agencies indefinitely diversified and multiplied beyond any thing that we have as yet witnessed. If nothing in the shape of a miraculous inter-

* Foster's Missionary Discourse. p. 525.

position is to be looked for, moral changes would seem to be previously necessary, which, not to require the lapse of ages in their accomplishment, would be little short of miraculous.

In opposition to this dispiriting view of things, Mr. Douglas has succeeded in shewing, that the undeveloped means which lie within our power, are adequate to produce, and that within a comparatively short term, a revolution of the most important and extensive kind. If his Hints should answer no other purpose, they will, we think, have a very beneficial effect as they tend to infuse a higher degree of animation into the hopes and exertions of Christians. The comprehensive view which he has taken of the whole sphere of Missionary exertion,—of the agency actually in operation, and of the resources and means which it remains to employ, is at once highly interesting and valuable. If, while we follow him through his review, we are made to feel that the cause is as yet in its infancy; if we are led to look back on the past ages of the Church as barren in their greatest splendour, and to contemplate with shame our own apathy; if the time that has been lost appears as a most fearful account against the professors of the Christian faith; still, he shews that it will not require ages to repair that neglect. An accumulation of means, such as have never been in the possession of any former age, are placed in our hands, at a juncture the most critical. If the numerical proportion of Christians is wofully small, *the population under Christian government*, or accessible to Christian influence, is greater, perhaps, than at any former period. The simple means of evangelization are the same that they have ever been; and yet, in the application of them, they appear to possess all the freshness of a new discovery. Translation, as now applied to the Scriptures, seems almost like a new mechanical power. The art of Printing itself led not to a more rapid and extensive multiplication of written works, than the art of translation, or the wonderful extension of that art, has to that of books. Translation is not, as Printing was, a new discovery, but it is a conquest of difficulties equal to a discovery; and in its multiplying powers, or rather in the facilities of communication which it creates, it is to Printing, what Printing was to Writing. And if the means is not new, the power brought to act through that means, the impulse which has put the machinery in action, has originated in the spirit of the present times. The Bible Society has been the chief agent both in promoting and in circulating versions of the Scriptures in all the languages of Babel. It has, so to speak, created a market for translations; and the demand has created the supply. The Bible Society, however, is but one centre of impulse and exertion among many, to

which the present day has given birth. And all these operations of the various institutions which have for their object to act upon the darkness and *vis inertiae* of heathen nations, are but preliminary to those internal movements which may confidently be anticipated to take place among the natives of those benighted countries, when once roused into moral life and action.

‘Many,’ says Mr. Douglas, ‘deem the conversion of the world chimerical without sensible miracles; but as long as the laws of the mind remain the same, we may be of good courage as to the ultimate success; the only miracle necessary, is, that Christians should have some concern for the souls of their fellow creatures.’

‘While belief is connected with truth, we shall never want converts; and while the belief of truth impels to the communication of truth, we shall never want preachers.’

‘“I believed, and therefore have I spoken.” Here is a measure derived from heaven to judge of the sincerity of belief. The laws of the human mind are not circumscribed within degrees and parallels. He who has no desire to proclaim the gospel abroad, has none to proclaim it at home, and has no belief in it himself; whatever professions he may make, are hollow and hypocritical. Bodies of Christians who make no efforts to Christianize others, are Christians but in name; and the ages in which no attempts are made to send the glad tidings to heathen countries, are the dark ages of Christianity, however they may suppose themselves enlightened and guided by philosophy and moderation.’

‘The ages of Christian purity have ever been the ages of Christian exertion. At the commencement of Christianity, he who believed in the gospel became also a preacher of the gospel. “We believe, and therefore we speak.” The effort was correspondent to the belief, and the success to the effort. Christians grew and multiplied, and their very multiplication insured a fresh renewal of their increase. The primitive prolific blessing was upon them, and one became a thousand.’

‘But faith waxed feeble, and with faith charity, and with charity all efforts to instruct and to save; and Christians, instead of publishing the truth to others, disputed about the truth among themselves; and the Bible in their hands, instead of being a highway for the simple, became a labyrinth of subtleties for the disputers of this world; and, no longer proclaiming peace, was changed into a magazine of weapons, offensive and defensive, where every combatant might be furnished to his need; where texts were set in array against texts, Evangelist against Evangelist, and Apostle against Apostle.’

‘Religion, stripped by the fury of contending parties of every peculiarity belonging to it, remained but an empty name, or retained, like vacant space, the sole attribute of being infinitely divisible, while each division contained within itself the living germ of a future subdivision; and sects sprung from sects, as numerous and as noisy as the whelps Milton describes to have littered in the womb of sin, “hourly conceived and hourly born.”’

‘At the Reformation, when religion was risen to second life from the

rubbish under which for so many centuries it had been buried, the zeal of the Reformers for spreading truth kept exact pace with their discovery of truth ; but when, like Augustus, grown old and despairing of further conquest, they attempted to fix the bounds of its empire, those boundaries continually shrunk in, and their successors, instead of gaining ground, had to maintain a perpetual and unsuccessful struggle for what had already been achieved. Yet it was not unnatural to expect that wisdom should die with them, seeing that it had come into the world at their breath and bidding, and that, therefore, it ought to be embalmed with all possible speed in creeds and confessions, and that the truth which, though unendowed, had won themselves, now that it was older and of longer standing in the world, had need of wealth and revenues, in order to procure to itself other and younger lovers. It is not very surprising, then, how soon religion became stationary and even retrograde ; how quickly its early glow of charity was overcast by dark and doubtful disputations, and that the Reformation itself needed anew a reform in the spirit, if not in the letter.

‘ That second Reformation has begun. It makes less noise than that of Luther, but it spreads wider and deeper : as it is more intimate, it will be more enduring. Like the Temple of Solomon, it is rising silently, without the din of hammers or the note of previous preparation ; but, notwithstanding, it will not be less complete in all its parts, nor less able to resist the injuries of time.’

This is eloquent writing ; but, what is more, it is as just as it is eloquent. In the contrast between the means and the agencies employed in the present day to extend the moral conquests of Christianity, and those which the Reformers were tempted to call in, we have the surest pledge that this second reformation will not be overlaid by patronage, or circumscribed by polemical zeal, or overborne by opposition. The first successes of the Reformers were achieved by the sword of the Spirit ; but the day being won, they laid by the spiritual weapon, and thought only of securing their conquests by the sword of the magistrate. The extinction of the Missionary spirit was the inevitable consequence, not only because their own exertions became paralysed, but because the genius of human governments is at variance with the aggressive zeal of the Missionary. It is true, that the Church of Rome, prompted by the lust of empire, encouraged enterprises of this nature ; and the Jesuits have been distinguished by their efforts to bring wanderers into the papal fold. The very universality of its claims, the all-comprehending grasp of its ambition, supplied, in this case, motives to extend the nominal triumphs of Christianity, and to procure at least an external subjection to the true faith. But the well-defined boundaries and insulated character of a national Church, admit of the operation of no such stirring motive. Accordingly, the modesty of Protestantism has been one cause of its

inactivity. It has carried its domestic character to the excess of scarcely stirring out of doors. It has, at least, seldom, till lately, ventured beyond its own acknowledged domain, contenting itself with acting on the defensive, and leaving to sects and papists the spirit of enterprise. The exceptions to this statement have been of too partial and limited a nature to affect its accuracy: they have been confined in England to our own colonies, and the common fate of chartered and incorporated societies has attended them.

‘The mission to the South of India,’ remarks Mr. Douglas, ‘was carried on at home by an Aulic Council of established churchmen, interspersed with laymen of clerical intercourse and habits of thinking; and the tactics were accordingly better adapted for defence than enterprise, and the operations every now and then languished, like other operations of that time, conducted with British money and German mercenaries.’

The true Missionary spirit appeared for a long period to be kept alive only among the little brotherhood of the Moravian Church. The duty of Missions to the heathen seemed almost a tenet peculiar to Moravianism; and the society to which the keeping of this truth, and the perpetuation of this holy flame were confided by Providence, has, at least in this country, been preserved, if we may not say for this purpose, yet chiefly by this means, from extinction. The Missionary spirit is not more a sign of vitality, than it is, by its reaction, a source and well-spring of life to the community which cherishes it. The church which is isolated, stagnates. The Gospel, like the mercy from which it emanates, is ‘thrice bless’d,’ in that ‘it blesses him who gives,’ in the act of giving, as much as him who receives it. Not only national churches, but sectarian communities had relapsed into antichristian indifference. Nor is it a little remarkable, that the first demonstration of an awakened zeal should have been made by that which has been esteemed, and not without reason, the most sectarian of sects, the most entrenched and fortified in the narrow circle of its communion—the Baptists. To them, next to the Moravians, is due the merit of having, as a body, broken new ground, and set the example to the Christian world, of invading the inmost territories of the prince of darkness. The London Missionary Society was formed on a wider basis; yet, nothing could be less promising than the auspices under which its first rash and unpractised efforts were made; and the cause suffered not a little from the wild pretensions, the pompous display, and the badly economised measures of its earlier years. When the money was raised, and the ship *Duff* had weighed anchor, the South Seas were already proclaimed to be evangelised. Captain James Wilson was

an admirable man, and he feelingly lamented, that so much more care had been bestowed on providing the means than in selecting the agents. The first two Moravian missionaries to Greenland,* set out on their enterprise, we think we have heard, with half a guinea between them! Since then, however, the London Missionary Society has amply redeemed its character; and its experience has been not less useful, perhaps, to other societies than to itself. The qualifications of a Missionary are now beginning to occupy that priority of consideration which, from an enlightened estimate of the nature of his undertaking, they must obtain; and the foreign service is no longer supposed to require a lower average of talent and a narrower range of acquirement, than would be deemed respectable, and command attention at home.

But, in some points of view, the formation of the Church Missionary Society, may be considered as the most remarkable circumstance in the present day. This new shoot put forth by an Establishment venerable with age and borne down with honours, in which the principle of life had long forsaken the core, and seemed to be perpetuated only by the rind, is a prodigious and most animating spectacle. Much as we may pity, we cannot wonder at the alarms expressed by some of the rulers of the hierarchy at this unusual sign in the times. The Bible Society itself was scarcely a more portentous phenomenon. That such an institution as this, should take root, and flourish in the very heart of the National Church, and be sending far and wide its missionaries beyond the confines of episcopal jurisdiction,—its machinery, though confessedly subordinate, yet extrinsic to the constitution of the hierarchy with which it is implicated,—the sources which feed it, the impulse which gives activity to it, and the whole apparatus of its operations, being, in fact, independent on the main system of the Establishment,—this is what no one, we think, would have ventured to predict, or

* ‘Matthew Stach and Frederic Boehnisch, two young men, being at work together in preparing a piece of ground for a burial place at Herrhut, in the course of conversation, found they had both, unknown to each other, formed the desire of going as missionaries to Greenland. They therefore proposed themselves for this service; but the delay of a year intervening before their offer was accepted, Boehnisch having meanwhile undertaken a considerable journey, Christian Stach consented to accompany his cousin. These two missionaries, along with Christian David, the principal agent in the Moravian emigration, who intended to return to Europe, after the settlement of a mission, set out from Herrhut, Jan. 19, 1733, attended with numberless good wishes from their brethren.’

could have hoped to see realised. It is an event not more extraordinary, however, than it is important. Discordant as such an institution appears to be with the genius of a National Church, the jealousy of its episcopal guardians may well be conciliated by the *éclat* which its operations have already reflected on the Church, and by the undeniable influence which it has thrown into the scale of the Establishment, at a period when the different denominations of Protestantism were almost engrossing the sphere of action. Although its spontaneous and popular character, therefore, must, in itself considered, be always viewed as an offence by the abettors of a system which peremptorily rejects and discountenances the interference of the people in any shape; although, as a precedent, it may be deprecated, while its remote consequences may be regarded with apprehension; yet, the ecclesiastical politician must needs be reconciled to the Society, when he calmly calculates the value of its unbought alliance, as tending to strengthen the hold and increase the moral splendour of the Church, if not to promote her secular aggrandisement. For our own parts, we cannot but believe that the preservation of the Establishment will very mainly depend on the perpetuation of the missionary spirit in its bosom; and were we members of that religious community, we should hail the progress of such a spirit as the happiest omen of its continued prosperity.

But it is chiefly in a wider reference, and taken in connexion with other animating and encouraging indications, that we are disposed to attach importance to this accession of so large a class, marching under the banners of the Episcopal Church, to the army of Missionary labourers. It shews that the cause is gaining ground, that the minds of men are yielding to the influence of juster views of the kingdom of Christ; and, as labourer after labourer is called forth, it warrants the hope that the harvest of the earth is ripening fast. Not only so, but as Missionary efforts mainly depend on the public feeling which at home prompts the impulse, and maintains the expenditure, every fresh society strengthens the hands of its predecessors, by contributing to swell the tide and widen the channel of that public feeling, as well as by neutralizing a vast portion of opposition or prejudice. Every fresh torch that is kindled, not only adds brightness to the illumination, but multiplies the securities against our being again left in darkness. Every fresh competitor heightens the excitement, and administers a legitimate provocative to good works; while the field of exertion is so illimitable, that the most jealous and narrow-minded partisan needs not grudge any rival his greatest success, nor the most

sanguine ambition fear that no new worlds will be left for it to conquer.

This increase of zeal at home, and the multiplication of labourers abroad, are not, however, the circumstances on which Mr. Douglas lays the most stress in arguing favourably for the ultimate success of the present Missions. He first adverts to the wiser policy which is now being pursued, founded on the conviction, that little can be done without *native* assistance; the adoption of the system of translation, and the employment of native preachers, who, 'acquainted with prejudices from which they have themselves escaped with difficulty, will be able to adapt their arguments exactly to the comprehension of their hearers, and to wield to purpose the least logical and most prevalent of all syllogisms, the argument which is addressed to our preconceived or professed opinions.'

'But above all,' continues this intelligent writer, 'a system of general education, while it makes no converts at first, is preparing, with much greater certainty, to a thousand-fold extent, the downfalling of the existing superstition, and, of course, will give the truth the best chance of filling the vacant space, since no body of men can exist long in a state of scepticism, but must adopt some religious notions to satisfy the craving of the imagination, however little they may influence the conduct.'

'In all these respects, the greatest praise is due to the Missionaries of Serampore, who have left nothing to be wished, as far as the translation of the Scriptures, and a plan for elementary education, are concerned. It is also delightful, that no fewer than three Colleges have been purposed and commenced nearly at the same time; and it is only to be regretted, which perhaps is unavoidable, that there should be so much defective in the plan of each, and that it would require the union of the resources of all the three to form a complete institution. The College of the Established Church promises to have the merits and the defects of an English College transported at once into the heart of India; the Hindoo College, though more national and consonant to the feelings of Hindoos, is likely to transmit the information and science of Europe through too Asiatic a medium; and the Serampore College, though presenting an ample list of proposed acquirements, is somewhat feeble in its means to attain them, and presents several of them in an inverted order of importance.'

'Those of an age to receive education in India, greatly exceed ten millions. Those at present educated by Missionaries, are under twenty thousand; nor is it ever likely they can much exceed a hundred thousand. Thus, any scheme of national education is totally out of the question. But that which is impossible in the way it is conducted at present, becomes easy of execution by a simple change of plan. *Instead of educating scholars, educate schoolmasters.* There is a large demand for learning in India, and there are no restrictions. The cheapest and best schoolmaster will draw to himself all the scholars; and it is only furnishing the new schoolmasters with better modes of teaching, to enable them to supplant the present masters,

and so communicate to others, not only the instruction they have themselves received, but the very mode in which they received it.

The very large diffusion of education through these Eastern countries, renders translations of more moment there than elsewhere. One half of the population is generally allowed to be able to read and write. From our imperfect information, all calculations of the sort must be vague; but where an inquiry has been made, in no very promising situations, seven or eight out of ten, among the labouring class, have been found able to read. The translation of the Scriptures is the branch of Missionary exertion which has outstripped all reasonable expectation; and whether criticisms against the rendering of particular passages are well or ill-founded, the instruction and conviction of several converts by the Scriptures alone, shew that the general sense of Scripture is impressively conveyed. It is, however, evident, that they must wait for their perfection from the hands of well-instructed Christian natives; and a Hindoo College is no less required for the translating of the Scriptures, than for the other purposes to which it seems more peculiarly adapted. The usefulness of Europeans in India is limited to superintendence and teaching. As preachers, there can be no comparison between them and the natives. Their imperfect use of the language, and their inability to bear the extremes of the climate, the separation which national prejudices and national manners create, the expense of sending them out, the decreased value of life from the unhealthiness of a tropical climate, and the great relative expense of maintaining them, point out, that a very different class of Missionaries should be sought for. But as native preachers must come in frequent contact with the learned Heathen, a deep acquaintance with the sacred books of Hindostan, and a moderate share of European information, are necessary to ensure their triumph in the controversies in which they must engage. Thus the necessity of a College, in all points of view, is manifest. Nor would its utility be restricted to Christians; for auxiliaries, equally useful with the native Christians, are found in the Hindoos, who, from increasing information, become sceptical as to their own religion. Few of the Missionaries in the end are likely to do so much for Christianity as Rammohun, who, from their own sacred books, makes such vigorous attacks on the polytheism of the Bramhuns. It is much to be regretted that his College should not have been considered as a national object, and erected on a large scale. As it is, good may arise of a different kind, and on a larger scale, from the competition and rivalry of separate establishments.

India, to which these suggestions primarily refer, is in all respects the most important sphere of Missionary enterprise, and has the strongest claims upon us at home. In the first place, it is, to a considerable extent, *British India*. It has received our government: it is at the peril of England to withhold from these her subjects, the means of Christian instruction. The injuries of India loudly call for this noblest of compensations; and Divine Providence seems to have permitted

the growth of our ascendancy there, for the express purpose of putting such an opportunity into our hands. In the next place, it is not very certain how long British India may continue to be ours. That will very greatly depend, under God, on the diligence with which the means of enlightening the population and attaching them to the British as benefactors, are cultivated during the next few years. The half-cast population are continually advancing in knowledge and consideration as well as in numbers; and military force will not always avail to keep them from asserting their claims to be free. Without presuming to enter into political speculations, the danger which threatens our Indian possessions from without also, in case of a war with Russia, cannot be considered as altogether chimerical. At all events, no time is to be lost in gaining over the population to our interests by moral means,—by naturalizing among them the religion of the Bible,—so that they may be essentially English, even when, like America, they may cease to be politically so.

In itself considered, moreover, India is the most important quarter of Missionary labour, inasmuch, Mr. Douglas remarks, as it is to the East, what Egypt was to the ancient West—‘the cradle of science and superstition, where their religious writings still exist in the original language, and the events took place, which are the ground-work of their rites, and the matter of their hymns and meditations.’

‘There is thus one country which stands in a peculiar relation to the others; it is the most favoured by nature, the most visited and celebrated by the rest of the world, the magnet of commerce in all ages—at once the subject and origin of the world’s fables and wonders throughout time—the earliest civilized, which preserves in its dark volumes the origin of science, to which the neighbouring nations look as their instructress—the mistress of human wisdom—the mother country of their gods—the fountain of what is holy and wise among men. This is evidently the city set upon a hill, whence truth will issue to the remotest East; and this wonderful country is still more wonderfully placed at the disposal of Britain.’

Eastern Asia, comprising the *ultra-Ganges* or Indo-Chinese nations, presents an immense sphere of exertion. The countries included in this division, commencing with Burmah, and stretching east-ward along the continent to the isles of Japan, including the Malayan archipelago, and the vast group of islands lying between Pulo Penang and Corea, contain a third of the human race. In these countries, the prevailing religion is the Buddhistic idolatry, which has overspread Burman, Tibet, Siam, Cambodja, Cochin China, China, and Japan. A very considerable proportion of the Chinese are infected with a

atheistic philosophy, which recognises no God, and acknowledges no hereafter. The Mohammedan faith has entirely spread over some of the Malay countries, and runs along the coast of most of the islands of the Archipelago, even that of Borneo and the Celebes

'In some places,' Mr. Milne states, 'it has a strong ecclesiastical establishment, which will not be easily overthrown. Several versions of the Koran, or part thereof, have been made, three of which we have heard of—viz. one into the Chinese, one into the Malay, and one into the Macassar language. In those copies read in the Mosques, the Arabic fills one column of the page, and the translation into the vernacular tongue, the other. It is highly probable that the Koran, or parts thereof, and the Ritual of Islamism, have been rendered into various other languages of Eastern India, though we have not obtained certain information respecting such versions.'

Mr. Milne states an important and highly remarkable fact respecting these professors of Islamism, namely, that, surrounded with idolaters, they are found in many instances to have lost their reverence for the prime article of their religion, the unity of God, "doing service to them who are by nature "no gods." It is obvious, that such a mongrel Mahommedanism as this, has no claim to be distinguished from Paganism. It would be found equally incapable of offering a resistance to the progress of knowledge. We have the following account of the state of Christianity in the *ultra-Ganges* nations.

'Christianity, under the two principal forms in which it appears in Europe, viz. the Catholic and the Protestant, has been partially made known in several of these countries for some ages past. The Portuguese carried their faith along with their arms, and planted the former wherever the ravages or conquests of the latter extended. The Spaniards did the same. Goa and Macao were early the chief seats of the Portuguese ecclesiastical authority in India; Luconia, or Manilla, that of the Spanish. The Catholic Missions yet existing in those countries are four; the Portuguese, the Spanish, the French, and the Italian. On this side of India, the Portuguese have missions in Malacca, Timor, Macao, and China. The Spanish missions are chiefly in Manilla and the Philippine Isles, Tung-king, and the remains of a mission in China. The French missions exist in Penang, Siam, Cochin China, and some remains of them still in China. The Italian are those of the Society De Propaganda Fide, and are nearly extinct. These four missions have each a clerical gentleman, commonly an aged missionary, residing in Macao, as agent for the missions, who is also a corresponding director. The present state of the Catholic missions is very little known.'

Their total extinction would seem to be highly desirable, according to the Author's statement, that the idolatrous superstitions of China 'do not exceed in grossness some of those

' practised in the adorable name' by the lower classes of Catholics, particularly those of Portuguese descent; that Roman Catholic Christians may be found worshipping at the shrine of some Pagan or Mahommedan saint; and that they are for the most part characterised by a flagrant depravity of morals.

Two Protestant ecclesiastical establishments have extended to these regions; the Dutch Reformed Church and the Church of England. The former has for its range of operation, all the colonies of Netherlands India; the latter has Penang, Bencoolen, and the British Factory in China,—' three most important parts,' says Mr. Milne, ' from which the word of life may sound out to the surrounding countries.' There are now in *ultra-Ganges* India, three Protestant missions, *viz.* that of the Netherlands Missionary Society, revived since the Peace; those of the English and American Baptist Missionary Societies; and those of the London Missionary Society. A very interesting account of the first twelve years of the last of these, will be found in the volume to which we are indebted for several of these details. During six years of that time, the senior Missionary laboured alone; and, for the three subsequent years, there were only two labourers. Many of the hardships and difficulties they had to surmount, appear to have arisen from inexperience and the injudicious steps occasioned by want of information. But facilities are now every day augmenting, and the *opus magnum* of a translation of the whole Bible into Chinese, is an achievement sufficient to give importance to any Mission. Mr. Milne speaks with much modesty, slightly tinged with depression, of the present state of the Mission. He admits that they cannot number many converts. ' One of those we had,' he says, ' is dead, and the other has lately been imprisoned and beaten for the name of Jesus.'

' We have not any decided native assistants as catechists or preachers. We have no large assemblies of people collecting to hear our discourses; and we see not any sure grounds to affirm that the few persons to whom the truth is preached, are cordially attached to it. We have no materials from which to make up highly animating and interesting statements, which are, in a measure, found to be the life of the public spirit; and to us who are actually engaged in the field, it seems so long before this can be the case, that we often fear the zeal of our friends at home will cool, their patience tire, and their means fail, before we can consider ourselves as having done any thing more than made a beginning. In some places about us, the climate is not inviting; and European constitutions do not generally stand it out to old age, or indeed through that time of a man's life in which he may be expected to be most active. Some valuable members of the Missions have already been called away; and it cannot be expected that the number of us yet alive, will remain long complete. The stern prejudices and persecuting spirit of China continue still unsub-

duced, and our principal efforts for the conversion of that nation must be made at such a distance as greatly to weaken their effect. Further, the number of labourers is far from being equal to the fields now open before us; and a full half of the present income of our society, if thrown into this channel alone, would hardly be adequate to furnish the labourers necessary, and to establish the Missions which could almost immediately be entered upon.'

In this state of things, however, we see nothing to awaken surprise, or to justify despondency. The representation only confirms the propriety of the judicious remarks already cited from Mr. Douglas. But a measure has recently been adopted, of the actual commencement of which that gentleman appears not to have been aware, when he penned the following paragraph.

'But though, without doubt, if India is secured, the East is secured, yet, a Chinese College, placed in the midst of the Indian Islands, would greatly accelerate the admission of Christianity into China. It is in vain for the imperial edicts to prevent the entrance of foreigners or foreign books. If the descendants of the Chinese in these islands are once converted, they will easily evade the police, however strict; and their opinions must spread, if there be but sufficient conviction on the part of the holders.'

This new nation of Chinese, he elsewhere remarks, which is rising up in the Indian islands *under European control*, will supply translators and missionaries for the opportunities of better days. The very step justly considered by Mr. Douglas as so highly desirable, our readers will be happy to find announced by Mr. Milne as already in the process of execution. The foundation-stone of an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, was laid on the 11th of November 1818, by Major William Farquhar, late English Resident and Commandant of Malacca, in the presence of the Dutch Governor of the Colony, and the principal inhabitants. The chief objects of the Institution are, the cultivation of Chinese and English literature, and the diffusion of Christianity in the countries and islands eastward of Pulo Penang. Dr. Morrison, to whom it owes its origin, devoted the sum of £1000 to the erection of the house, and has further promised £100 annually for the first five years, commencing with the opening of the College, for the encouragement of those who may enter on a course of study, and of those who may be employed in tuition. The highest earthly reward which Dr. Morrison can obtain, and which we doubt not he will obtain, will be, to see the incipient prosperity and actual efficiency of this important institution. Mr. Milne is fully justified in saying, that it has a peculiar claim on the support of the British nation.

The Chinese language, however, is but one of the many dialects which our *ultra-Ganges* Missionaries will have to make the object of their study and acquirement. There are others almost equally important; in particular that 'soft and harmonious language,' as it is characterised by Mr. Milne, spoken by the interesting people who inhabit almost all the islands of the Malayan Archipelago. 'The languages of the interior of Sumatra, of the Javanese, of the inhabitants of Borneo and the Celebes, of the Philippine Islands, of Japan, of Cambodia, and of Siam, are all,' adds Mr. M., 'with the exception of some imperfect ideas of the Japanese given in Kaempfer's excellent History of Japan, and Thunberg's Travels, untouched by Protestant nations, or in a great measure so.*' It is intended in the Institution to unite, so far as practicable, the study of the languages and history of all these countries with those of China; but still, Chinese literature is to hold the chief place in the College.

The Mahommedan countries, comprehending South-western Asia and Northern Africa, are estimated by Mr. Douglas to contain a hundred millions; and this calculation includes the Turks of Europe, the Mahommedan Tatars, and the Moslem east of the Indus. The proportion they bear to the nominally Christian population of the world, he thinks to be not more than one half, and even that proportion is rapidly diminishing. These countries present much greater difficulties in the way of the propagation of Christianity, than heathen countries, every convert being almost certain of death, as soon as his conversion is openly known. Preaching to the Mahommedans would, in the first instance, be a hopeless undertaking. But the life of Henry Martyn shews what an impression may be produced by conversation alone. His work shews, moreover, that temperate and learned apologies for Christianity will be better received by Mussulmans than might be expected. 'Of all creeds,' remarks Mr. Douglas, 'Islam has been found the least compatible with philosophy. The Koran cannot bear inspection. And here the adage of infidelity is true; for the Moslem, when they begin to reason, will cease to believe.' This opinion corresponds with that expressed by a very intelligent

* Dr. Leyden's Dissertation on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations, now on our table, is referred to, in a note, in respectful terms, as deserving, with all its imperfections, a high rank among works on Oriental literature. Raffles's Java also, contains an astonishing mass of useful information, and several comparative vocabularies. Marsden's History of Sumatra is the only other recent work on the subject.

writer, who had ample opportunities of personal observation, that 'the conversion of the Mahommedan world, when it begins, will spread with astonishing rapidity,' and that 'but a short stand will be made for the Koran.*' Abdool Messee is an illustrious instance of the triumph of the crescent over the cross by means of preaching. We agree, however, with the Author of the Hints, that this is not the first or the best method to be adopted; that is, as addressed to the Mahommedans themselves. But, 'in two thirds of these countries, there are sufficient numbers of nominal Christians, with whose creed the Moslem do not interfere, who present a sufficient surface for the small efforts which Christians are at present capable of, and who themselves, by proper training, may become the missionaries of future years.' This is a hint which highly deserves to be followed out. The existence of nominal Christians in the heart of Mahommedan countries, and their toleration by the governments of those countries, are circumstances which admit of being turned to excellent account. Hitherto, however, they have had a decidedly unfavourable effect, because the deteriorated religion of these nominal Christians, has been worse than that of the Mahommedans,—worse on account of its nearer affinity to idolatry, worse in its moral influence. The Mussulman has had his prejudices fortified and his self-importance increased, by a well founded sense of superiority over the 'Christian dogs' with whom he has come in contact. It is impossible to calculate how much this has contributed to strengthen the force of prejudice, and to retard the progress of Christianity. The Mahommedan, when he began to reason, might, and generally did become an infidel; but he could never, with such a representation of Christianity before him, become a Christian. He might throw away his Koran; but he would in vain have sought at the hands of a Greek or Romish priest, the Bible in its stead. The case is now, blessed be God, greatly altered. Their intercourse with Europeans is now daily forcing upon the Moslem, the unwelcome conviction of at least the intellectual superiority of the Franks. The different treatment which English travellers now meet with in many parts of the Turkish empire, from what they did a few years ago, when it was hardly thought safe to venture any where in a European dress, is very striking. Policy, is, no doubt, the occasion of this change. The Englishman's money has made his name respected, and he may now travel safe from insult. It matters not, however, what has wrought the change. Com-

* See "Sketches of India, written by an Officer." *Eclectic Review*. Vol. xvi. p. 522.

merce has often been, and it is her noblest office, the harbinger of Christianity. An opening is being made for the introduction of European science, which will silently but effectually undermine Islamism; and whole nations cannot remain unbelievers. The Bible is finding its way; and, as prejudice decreases, curiosity will increase, and truth must be the gainer by the result. In time, the associations now connected with the names of Greek and Frank, will give way in the mind of the Mussulman, to respectful and even deferential feelings; and native converts will complete the work which foreign exertions shall have begun.

In the mean time, as the character of a physician has been always highly honoured in the East, and would give an easy and unsuspected admission to a familiar intercourse with all classes, Mr. Douglas suggests, that were the Christian Missionary to combine with scientific attainments, the profession of physic, it would be attended by many advantages.

‘He who is a physician,’ he says, ‘is pardoned for being a Christian: religious and national prejudices disappear before him; all hearts and harems are opened, and he is welcomed as if he were carrying to the dying lip, water from the fountain of youth or the elixir of immortality. In many cases, the cure of the body, as in the early miracles, might precede the cure of the soul; but if not, some positive good is done when science is enriched, diseases removed, and the gratitude and respect of many are secured to the healer of the body.’

Many anecdotes contained in the narratives of modern travellers, might be adduced in confirmation of the truth of this remark.

Of all the Mahommedan countries, Persia is by far the most interesting, and perhaps the most important. It is also that in which the downfall of Islamism may be expected first to take place, and, in many respects, it presents the most hopeful aspect. The Soofies are a very numerous sect: they have been computed at two hundred thousand in Persia. Their creed is older than Mahommed. They may be divided into fanatics and infidels; and among the latter, Christianity may hope at least to obtain a hearing.

We must now turn to Africa, Central Africa, where forty millions are held in a worse bondage than that which chains the negro to a foreign soil; where ‘the Evil Principle,’ as Mr. Douglas remarks, ‘seems to reign with less of limitation, and, in recesses inaccessible to white men, still to enchant and delude the nations.’ On this subject, our Author’s Hints will be found highly deserving of consideration; but we have no room to dwell upon this part of our vast subject. The

Caffre tribes will exhaust all the efforts of our Missions in the South, he thinks, for several years to come; but ultimately, civilization will spread in that quarter far and wide. As to the Central regions, however, from the nature of the climate, '*the civilizers of Africa, must be Africans*'; and America is the 'country where the civilization of Africa ought to commence.' Providence has permitted millions of Africans to be carried into those distant countries, where not only Europeans can reach them with perfect safety, but where they are continually surrounded with the arts and knowledge of Europe. These Africans might be the regenerators of their country. A School of Arts in America for such negroes as shew any promising dispositions, might be established, on a small scale, at an inconsiderable expense, and with the happiest results. May we not hope that Madagascar will hereafter rise into importance as a Missionary station, and that from that point also, civilization and Christian knowledge may emanate to enlighten the dark recesses of the Continent? that Madegasse Christians may go forth as schoolmasters and teachers, and, as Mahommedans have done, make almost as many converts as they can find scholars? And may not Mahommedans also, the *serrens* scattered through the tribes of the Fetiche worshippers, become, under a higher character, when they shall themselves have been brought to an acquaintance with the Bible, the civilizers of pagan Africa?

There yet remains for consideration, the wide sphere of Missionary enterprise which forms Mr. Douglas's fourth division, that of Christendom.

'It might seem,' he says, 'absurd enough to include under this head, the savage tribes of America, and the still ruder families of New Holland, together with the islanders of the South Sea; and the division certainly respects their present condition less than their future. At the end of a hundred or two hundred years, all these tribes will either be incorporated, or extirpated by European colonies; and their destinies are irrevocably linked with those of European civilization. It is by partially colonizing these, that the nations may best be converted to Christianity; by forming fixed and central points for the wandering tribes in the wilderness, where their children might be educated, and themselves supplied with the first conveniences of life, by small settlements of white men; by which means they may gradually become acquainted with some of the comforts of life, and the doctrines of Christianity. The London Missionary Society has achieved a brilliant conquest for humanity as well as religion, in the South Sea Islands; but, to make the work complete, Taheiti, Owhyhee, Tongataboo, Egmont, and Hogoleu should be partially colonized, with the consent of the chiefs, with teachers and artisans from England. Five hundred men would be more beneficial to the Islands, to Britain,

and to the world at large, by the rapid progress of improvement, if emigrating with that destination, than with any other.'

'Nominal Christendom may be esteemed to contain Europe, for the Turks cannot long remain in it; and America, which will be peopled in a century by Christian colonists; Polynesia, which is already receiving the religion and language of England; and Australasia, with Africa south of the Tropics; and Northern Asia, where colonies of Russians have made very considerable progress. . . . Russia and the descendants of Englishmen, meet at the extremities of the globe; and in every creek of the ocean English will soon be spoken. The extension of Christendom by colonization is (even now) proceeding at a rate which doubles itself in each succeeding generation.'

Russian Asia can be Christianized only by colonization. The Writer suggests that the first step would be, to have Siberia surveyed by geographical engineers, and then, that a certain number of religious mechanics—Germany and the Moravians would afford the best settlers—should be annually located in the most desirable sites for the erection of villages, which should hereafter become centres of intercourse to the pastoral tribes. The Scottish Missionary Society is admirably qualified for furnishing superintendents to set the whole religious strength of Russia in movement. The same Society, he thinks, might send out a second detachment of labourers to cross Caucasus, for the purpose of establishing medical colleges all over the East. He suggests also, in addition to the three colleges in India, and the Anglo-Chinese College, the propriety of forming one in the United States for Central Africa, another at Cape Town for the Caffre or copper-coloured tribes of South Africa, and a third in New South Wales for the islanders of the Southern Ocean.

The Catholic countries, considered in themselves, are the most hopeless subdivision of the globe.

'But the press, even in the hands of Papists,' remarks Mr. Douglas, 'is undermining Popery, which every year is losing its character, and becoming more of a pretence than a reality—an engine of secular tyranny rather than of spiritual thralldom, and upheld more by force, and less by opinion.'

It is by 'evangelical Catholic preachers,' by schools, and by Bibles, that Popery will best be weakened and destroyed. And when we think of Leander Von Hess, we feel that there is no reason for despair. The progress of civil liberty is even now preparing the way, in countries less enlightened than Catholic Germany, for that silent but enduring reformation which, originating in the general diffusion of religious knowledge, modifies the opinions, and controls the actions even of those who are the most hostile to the cause of truth and freedom. All that

truth demands in order to spread and triumph, is toleration; and that cannot long be withheld from her. Bonaparte, by his tolerant policy, has been a Cyrus to the Church,—“the eagle” called from afar to execute God’s counsel.* The reaction which has followed his downfall, is but a convulsive struggle on the part of the priesthood to regain their hold on the people; and in Spain, as well as in France, it will but precipitate their subversion.

We have now completed our hasty general review of the whole field of Missionary exertion. Of the feasibility of some of the plans suggested by Mr. Douglas, different opinions will be entertained; but the impression left by the perusal of his eloquent remarks, cannot fail to be in favour of at least the rationality of the moral enterprise in which we may now be said as a nation to have embarked. His Hints must be recognised as proceeding from a comprehensive mind, glowing with a genuine and expansive philanthropy. If his expectations should appear to be sanguine, we must maintain, that to be otherwise than sanguine in such a cause, is unworthy of a Christian. But there is a wide distinction to be observed between the rash confidence of the raw recruit, and the steady reliance of the practised general. It is not allowed us to be sanguine respecting the immediate success of this measure or of that plan; but a depressed tone of expectation with regard to the ultimate issue of the simultaneous efforts now making by Christians of every denomination in fulfilment of the revealed purposes of God, has its source, disguise it as we may, in infidelity.

We have left ourselves no room to notice very particularly the judicious and acceptable republication of Crantz’s History of Greenland, the title of which stands at the head of this article. Nor is it necessary. It has long been, and will continue to be esteemed as a standard work; and Dr. Johnson’s well-known remark will have weight with many who might otherwise turn from the subject with distaste; that ‘the man who did not relish the first part, is no philosopher, and he who could not enjoy the second, no Christian.’ In the present edition, Crantz’s somewhat prolix German style has undergone an advantageous revision, and some of the redundancies have been pared off, without violating the fidelity of the translation. In addition to Crantz’s own continuation of the narrative, which has not appeared in English, a sequel to his history has been furnished by the Editor, taken from the German and English Periodical

* Isa. xlv. 11. So “ravenous bird” may be rendered, in probable allusion to the ensign of Cyrus.

Accounts and the Historical Sketches of the Rev. J. Holmes. Did the work stand in need of our recommendation, that should not be wanting to promote its circulation. But our opinion of its value as a missionary document, is already on record in our pages.*

Extended as this article has become,—and yet, we have scarcely taken a bird's eye view of the subject,—we cannot take leave of it without adverting to one remark which we have sometimes heard fall from pious and intelligent men,—we cannot call it an objection, for it does not assume that shape, or breathe the spirit of an objection—but still it is a remark adapted to throw a damp on the feelings excited by this view of Missionary zeal and enterprise; it is in substance this: That there is some reason to fear lest the machinery for extending Christianity should, in our own country, swallow up Christianity itself. There is such a thing as spirituality running all away into zeal. Personal religion has too frequently, in the case of individuals, suffered from a disproportionate and too exclusive attention to public objects. The glare, and bustle, and excitation attendant upon even religious doings, are confessedly unfriendly to the health of the mind. It is not the least prejudicial effect of such engagements, that they are apt to engender a soothing self-complacency which may not be warranted by the degree of the individual's religious attainments. The absorbing demands made upon the time of the Christian minister by the vast increase of objects which he is called to attend to, not unfrequently amount to a serious evil. They leave him little leisure for the closet, little for the discharge of his most important pastoral duties; and it is well if they do not render him a stranger in his own family. Theological or polite learning cannot be expected to flourish in a day, when the taste and the demand for learning appear to have given way before the passion for activity. Information was never more widely diffused; but never, perhaps, did either the Established Church or the Dissenting ministry number fewer truly learned men. The fact is, there is no market for learning. A man is nothing, however learned, if he is not eloquent. With few exceptions, those who have attained celebrity by their philological diligence, are either superficial pretenders to learning, or would shrink into insignificance measured with the giants of other days. Dissenters, excluded from the national seats of learning, must be expected to furnish better preachers than scholars; and we might almost blush for the moderate acquire-

* *Eclectic Review*. N.S. Vol. III. p. 173. Art. "*Voyage from Okkak.*"

ments of our ministers, were it not that they are, for the most part, competent divines, and that, save in the Mathematics and in Prosody, the clergy cannot pretend to higher attainments. We cannot contemplate this state of things without regret not wholly free from uneasiness. Learning has always been the handmaid of piety. The era of the Reformation was a learned age, and it owed much to the learning of the Reformers. The most eminent men in the Church of Christ, have been learned men, from St. Paul to Augustine—from Augustine to Calvin—from Calvin to Hooker, and Jewel, and Leighton, and Owen, and Howe. With true learning; the character of the Christian ministry for solidity and efficiency, is in no small danger of declining also; and in the next generation, the consequences will probably be still more apparent. So long as the Church of Christ has enemies to contend with, Turk, Jew, Papist, or Infidel, so long will she stand in need of learned advocates and well-armed champions. And though, for every day use, common sense and piety, aided by small information, may even be more serviceable than learning, the depreciation of learning which is, we think, gaining ground, and the substitution of *pretence* in its place, cannot but have an injurious tendency.

We wish to place this danger in the strongest light, first, because we think that it is not a chimerical alarm; and the denying it to have a real existence, would but increase it, and give certainty to what is now probable and remote: secondly, because, were it ten times more formidable than it is, we are not afraid to meet it boldly in advocating the cause of Missions. It is not, we repeat, nor can it be construed to be, the slightest objection to the utmost exertions in that cause. It only suggests an important and timely caution to Christians, both in their personal and their social capacity, not to mistake the progress of Christianity abroad, or the means of its propagation, for the prosperity of true religion at home. The Jews were long honoured with the custody of the oracles of God; yet, they were rejected as ignorant of God's righteousness, and the Gentiles are entering into the kingdom before them. Their priests directed the Magi to Bethlehem; but they left them to go in search of the Messiah, alone. 'The White Islands of the West' may become, to adopt Mr. Douglas's elegant language, 'more sacred to the Hindoos than Meru; and the waves that wash them, than the waters of the Ganges.' 'With more than the literary glory of Greece, and with gratitude as sacred as belonged to Israel of old, England, at once the classic and the sacred land of the latter days,' may be destined to have 'the fullness of the Gentiles, and the completion of science, for her inheritance of glory.' And yet,

at home, the tone of spirituality may suffer among the members of the Christian community, and even the moral purity of her churches be dimmed and stained, and the fire of true devotion, if not the flame of zeal, decay on her altars, owing to the neglect of what is requisite to maintain in vigour the internal principle of religion. The amalgamation of the Church and the world, those eternally distinct parties, has already proceeded to an extent from which religion cannot but suffer in some respects, whatever she may have gained in others. But still, we are not to desist from renewed and persevering exertion. It is at our peril that we grow weary in this well-doing, or turn deserters in such a warfare. There is no danger against which the providence of God has not furnished a security, a way of escape, or an antidote; and assuredly, that to which we have alluded, does not form an exception. All that has as yet been done by England, towards the evangelization of the world, is but a small and feeble beginning. The faint streaks of light here and there discernible in the horizon, are but hints of the approaching dawn. "This gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."

' Yes ; His shall be the kingdoms ! He shall come,
Ye scoffers at his tarrying. Hear ye not
Even now the thunder of his wheels ? '

Art. III. *Napoleon in Exile ; or, a Voice from St. Helena*. The Opinions and Reflections of Napoleon on the most important Events of his Life and Government, in his own Words. By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. his late Surgeon. In 2 vols. Svo. pp. 1053. Price 11. 8s. London. 1822.

THE first inquiry which suggests itself in connexion with these volumes, obviously refers to the degree of credit which they may fairly claim. So many assaults have been made on our credulity, that we begin to feel in some danger of passing into the opposite extreme. That we may be enabled to trim the scale as evenly as possible, we shall briefly state the circumstances which appear to us to weigh on either side. With respect to Mr. O'Meara, though we see no reason whatever to doubt the integrity of his motives or the correctness of his feelings, we yet feel it necessary to make some allowance for the irritation excited by certain official inquisitions and vexations to which he was exposed in his very difficult and delicate position between the St. Helena Government and Napoleon. The former would, we suspect, wish him to act, to a

certain extent, the part of an *honourable* spy, while the latter would, on the same score, regard him with something of jealousy and suspicion; and we think that we can trace in many passages of his work, the effects of this unpleasant situation. Besides this, we must take into the account the influence which habitual intercourse with such a man as the ex-Emperor, would inevitably have on the mind of one unexpectedly admitted to an apparently unreserved intimacy with that extraordinary personage, as having a strong tendency to give a favourable aspect to expressions, statements, and circumstances in themselves objectionable. To these considerations is to be added that of the feeling under the very evident impulse of which Napoleon held his conversations with his medical attendant. It is quite clear, that the Exile considered himself as on his defence; that he was anxious to present himself in as favourable a light as possible: his communications are, consequently, to be received with considerable abatement. Under the veil of extreme candour and simplicity, there is frequently to be detected a skilful presentation of facts in such a shape and dress as might be best adapted to enlist popular feeling on the side of the Narrator. At the same time, it is highly probable, that, in many instances, the motives claimed, and the explanatory details given, were in strict accordance with truth. There may be as much of prejudice in assuming that Napoleon always spoke and acted under a mask, as there would be of credulity in attributing to him a policy invariably frank and liberal.

With this slight preliminary qualification, we do not hesitate to yield general credit to the contents of these volumes. They contain the views which Napoleon wished the world to take of his actions and his motives; they express the feelings of bitterness which were stirred up in his mind by a treatment, as it appears to us, illiberally, because unnecessarily harsh and severe; they throw some light on many important events; and they add to our means of forming a fair estimate of the most extraordinary individual of times remarkable for the production of uncommon men.

Mr. O'Meara was first surgeon of the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon embarked on board that vessel. That his personal and professional character was highly rated, is evident from a strongly recommendatory letter, written in his favour to the medical officer of the Transport Board, by Capt. Frederick Maitland. While the ship lay at Torbay, an official application was made to him by Count Bertrand, requesting his permanent attendance on the ex-Emperor as surgeon, during the voyage to St. Helena, and the residence there; to which he assented on

the understanding that it should not supersede his appointment under our own government. During the earlier part of his engagement, Mr. O'Meara did not keep a diary; and he has been unable to supply the deficiency in any other way than by taxing his memory for general details, which communicate little more information than was previously before the world.

While Sir George Cockburn had the charge of Napoleon's person, that difficult office seems to have been discharged with a perfect combination of vigilance and courtesy: no fair indulgence was withheld, no practicable precaution neglected. But the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe was the signal for the introduction of a series of petty and teasing restrictions, which, without adding any thing to the safe-keeping of his prisoner, rendered his confinement more painful and irritating. The new governor does not, as might be expected, meet with very respectful treatment in the various conversations quoted by Mr. O'Meara. Napoleon seems to have regarded him with thorough antipathy; and if the representations here given of his behaviour be tolerably correct, it was not altogether without reason. He seems to have been exceedingly restless, tenacious, and undignified in his official bearing; nor was his prisoner slow to retort as far as bitter words and contemptuous demeanour could express his scorn. When Sir Hudson proposed that an officer should from time to time intrude on the chamber privacy of Napoleon, for the purpose of ascertaining his safety, the latter avowed his determination to repel the insult at all extremities. 'I have seen,' said he, 'Prussians, Tartars, Cossacks, Calmucks, but never before in my life have I beheld so ill-favoured and so forbidding a countenance. *Il porte le—empreint sur son visage.*' The accommodations which were provided for the man who had been at different periods of his life master of the palaces of France, Italy, Egypt, Germany, Spain, and Muscovy, are described as follows.

'Napoleon sent Marchand for me at about nine o'clock. Was introduced by the back-door into his bed-room, a description of which I shall endeavour to give as minutely and as correctly as possible. It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbace. Two small windows, without pullies, looking towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more

to the right hung also, a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher *B*, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds, stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old-fashioned sofa covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trowsers and stockings all in one. A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa, facing him, was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin, and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.' Vol. I. pp. 40—42.

In the course of various conversations, Napoleon expressed with freedom, and apparently with sincerity, his opinion of different individuals. Our lamented Moore, he characterized as 'a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent.' He gave a very strange account of the death of Villeneuve, ascribing it to his consciousness of disobedience to express orders not to fight. Apprehensive of a court-martial, and of the severe displeasure of his master, he determined on self-destruction, and carried his desperate purpose into effect with singular coolness and precision. Having purchased a set of anatomical engravings of the heart, he adjusted them to his own person, and first marking with a large pin the centre of the representation on the plate, he fixed on the same spot in his own breast, and thrusting the pin up to the head, expired. 'When the room was opened, he was found dead; the pin in his breast, and a mark in the plate corresponding with the wound in his breast.'—Napoleon spoke with supreme contempt of the emigrants and the partisans of the old regime. He 'asked me,' says Mr. O'Meara,

‘ if the French commissioner and Madame Sturmer had not had a quarrel? I replied, that Montchenu had said that Madame Sturmer did not know how to come into a drawing-room. He laughed at this, and said, “ I will venture to say, that the old booby says so because she is not sprung from some of those imbeciles, the old noblesse. Because her father is a plebeian. These old emigrants hate, and are jealous of all who are not hereditary asses like themselves.” I asked him, if the king of Prussia was a man of talent. “ Who,” said he, “ the king of Prussia?” He burst into a fit of laughter. “ *He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. Un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talento, nè informazione.* A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for five minutes. Not so his wife. She was a very clever, fine woman, but very unfortunate. *Era bella, graziosa, e piena d'intelligenza.*” He then conversed for a considerable time about the Bourbons. “ They want,” said he, “ to introduce the old system of nobility into the army. Instead of allowing the sons of peasants and labourers to be eligible to be made generals, as they were in my time; they want to confine it entirely to the old nobility, to *émigrés* like that old blockhead Montchenu. When you have seen Montchenu, you have seen all the old nobility of France before the revolution. Such were all the race, and such they have returned, ignorant, vain, and arrogant as they left it. *Ils n'ont rien appris, ils n'ont rien oublié.* They were the cause of the revolution, and of so much bloodshed; and now, after twenty-five years of exile and disgrace, they return loaded with the same vices and crimes for which they were expatriated, to produce another revolution. I know the French. Believe me, that after six or ten years, the whole race will be massacred, and thrown into the Seine. They are a curse to the nation. It is of such as them that the Bourbons want to make generals. I made most of mine, *de la boue*. Wherever I found talent and courage, I rewarded it. My principle was, *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, without asking whether there were any quarters of nobility to shew. It is true, that I sometimes promoted a few of the old nobility, from a principle of policy and justice, but I never reposed great confidence in them. The mass of the people,” continued he, “ now see the revival of the feudal times, they see that soon it will be impossible for their progeny to rise in the army. Every true Frenchman reflects with anguish, that a family for so many years odious to France, has been forced upon them over a bridge of foreign bayonets. What I am going to recount, will give you some idea of the imbecility of the family. When the Count d'Artois came to Lyons, although he threw himself on his knees before the troops, in order to induce them to advance against me, he never put on the cordon of the legion of honour, though he knew that the sight of it would be most likely to excite the minds of the soldiers in his favour, as it was the order so many of them bore on their breasts, and required nothing but bravery to obtain it. But no, he decked himself out with the order of the Holy Ghost, to be eligible for which, you must prove one hundred and fifty years of nobility, an order formed purposely to exclude merit, and one which excited

indignation in the breasts of the old soldiers. 'We will not,' said they, 'fight for orders like that, nor for *émigrés* like those,'—he had ten or eleven of these *imbéciles* as aid-de-camps. Instead of shewing to the troops some of those generals who had so often led them to glory, he brought with him a set of *misérables* who served no other purpose than to recal to the minds of the veterans their former sufferings under the noblesse and the priests." 'Vol. I. pp. 102—104.

He spoke in high terms of the talents of Soult, rating him, however, as a commander in chief, below Suchet, Clausel, and Gerard, and censuring him for not having seconded, by a general movement, the charge of the lancers at Albuera. Savary, he warmly defended against Mr. O'Meara's intimation that his character was in bad repute; but Fouché he described in the most odious colours, apparently forgetting that he had entrusted confidential employment to 'that miscreant of all colours.' He expressed himself in the most affectionate language respecting Josephine.

'His first acquaintance with that amiable being commenced after the disarming of the sections in Paris, subsequently to the 13th of Vendémiaire, 1795. "A boy of twelve or thirteen years old presented himself to me," continued he, "and entreated that his father's sword (who had been a general of the republic) should be returned. I was so touched by this affectionate request, that I ordered it to be given to him. This boy was Eugene Beauharnois. On seeing the sword, he burst into tears. I felt so much affected by his conduct, that I noticed and praised him much. A few days afterwards, his mother came to return me a visit of thanks. I was much struck with her appearance, and still more with her *esprit*. This first impression was daily strengthened, and marriage was not long in following.' Vol. I. pp. 179, 80.

He afterwards spoke of his mother and of Josephine in the following terms.

'My excellent mother is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud, and high-minded. She is capable of selling every thing, even to her *chemise* for me. I allowed her a million a year, besides a palace, and giving her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me at an early age, I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother. She is very rich. Most of my family considered that I might die, that accidents might happen, and consequently took care to secure something. They have preserved a great part of their property.

'Josephine died worth about eighteen millions of francs. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years. She had frequently little disputes with Denon, and even with myself, as she wanted to procure fine statues and pictures for her own gallery, instead of the museum. Now, I always acted to please the people; and whenever I observed a fine statue, or a valuable picture,

I sent it there for the benefit of the nation. Josephine was grace personified (*la grazia in persona*). Every thing she did was with a peculiar grace and delicacy. I never saw her act inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. She had grace even *en se couchant*. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time.' Vol. II. pp. 100, 1.

The following is his description of Carnot.

'A man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues and easily deceived. He had directed the operations of war, without having merited the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him, as he had neither the experience, nor the habitude of war. When minister of war, he shewed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the minister of finance and the treasury; in all of which he was wrong. He left the ministry, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire, he never asked for any thing; but after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment, and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was minister of the interior; and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, a man of truth and probity, and laborious in his exertions. After the abdication, he was named one of the provisional government, but he was *joué* by the intriguers by whom he was surrounded. He had passed for an original amongst his companions when he was young. He hated the nobles, and on that account had several quarrels with Robespierre, who latterly protected many of them. He was member of the committee of public safety along with Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and the other butchers, and was the only one who was not denounced. He afterwards demanded to be included in the denunciation, and to be tried for his conduct, as well as the others, which was refused; but his having made the demand to share the fate of the rest, gained him great credit.' Vol. I. pp. 186—188.

Barras, he said,

'was a violent man, and possessed of little knowledge or resolution; fickle, and far from meriting the reputation which he enjoyed, though from the violence of his manner and loudness of tone in the beginning of his speeches, one would have thought otherwise.'

He described the Poles as excellent soldiers, and affirmed that it had been his intention to make Poniatowsky king of Poland, but for the disasters of the Russian campaign, which he attributed entirely to the severity of the climate, and the burning of Moscow. He avowed himself a decided fatalist. Blucher, he styled *un bon sabreur*,—a general who made a thousand blunders, and only escaped total ruin from 'circumstances.' The odious system of flogging, as a part of military

discipline, he wholly condemned, referring to his own invariable practice of searching out and rewarding merit in the lowest ranks. 'I substituted honour and emulation,' he said, 'for terror and the lash.'

'I asked,' continues Mr. O'Meara, 'his opinion relative to the comparative merit of the Russians, Prussians, and Germans. Napoleon replied, "Soldiers change, sometimes brave, sometimes *lâches*. I have seen the Russians at Eylau perform prodigies of valour: they were so many heroes. At Moscow, entrenched up to their necks, they allowed me to beat two hundred and fifty thousand men with ninety thousand. At Jena, and at other battles in that campaign, the Prussians fled like sheep; since that time they have fought bravely. My opinion is, that now, the Prussian soldier is superior to the Austrian. The French cuirassiers were the best cavalry in the world *pour enfoncer l'infanterie*. Individually, there is no horseman superior, or perhaps equal, to the Mameluke; but they cannot act in a body. As partizans, the Cossacks excel, and the Poles as lancers." This he said in reply to a question made by me of his opinion relative to the cavalry.

'I asked who he thought was the best general amongst the Austrians. "Prince Charles," he replied, "though he has committed a thousand faults. As to Schwartzberg, he is not fit to command six thousand men."' Vol. I. pp. 202, 3.

'In this gossiping way, the name of Wellington was frequently mentioned, and, on the part of Napoleon, with a marked mixture of praise and censure. Observing that all generals are liable to error, and that he who committed the fewest blunders, is entitled to rank the highest, he admitted that the Duke had fallen into them 'as seldom as most others.' He condemned the waste of human life in the assault of fortified places, with special reference to Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo; but he was still more severe on his Grace for venturing the battle of Waterloo in a position when, in the event of defeat, he had but one road on which he could retire. This is a question which we feel no inclination at present to discuss; but we cannot refrain from remarking, that the reproach came with an ill grace from the general who lost a great part of his army, by risking a battle with a bridge in his rear, over which lay his only way of retreat. The Duke of Wellington weighed the chances, and determined on standing the hazard. Napoleon had done the same at Marengo under less favourable circumstances. Both risks succeeded; and we conceive that the event justified the reasoning which led to the decision. The following was a sort of *résumé* on this subject.

'The mind of a general ought to resemble and be as clear as the field-glass of a telescope, *et jamais se faire des tableaux*. Of all the generals who preceded him, and perhaps all those who have followed, Turenne

was the greatest. Maréchal Saxe, a mere general, *pas d'esprit*; Luxembourg, *beaucoup*; le grand Frédéric, *beaucoup*, and a quick and ready perception of every thing. Your Marlborough, besides being a great general, *avait aussi beaucoup d'esprit*. Judging from Wellington's actions, from his despatches, and above all from his conduct towards Ney, I should pronounce him to be *un homme de peu d'esprit, sans générosité, et sans grandeur d'âme*. Such I know to be the opinion of Benjamin Constant and of Madame de Staël, who said, that except as a general, he had not two ideas. As a general, however, to find his equal amongst your own nation, you must go back to the time of Marlborough, but as any thing else, I think that history will pronounce him to be *un homme borné*.' Vol. II. p. 229.

Talleyrand was criticised by his old master with unrelenting severity. The Spanish invasion was ascribed to his counsels, and he was accused of suppressing a letter from the Duke d'Enghien to Napoleon, which might have induced the latter to spare his life. Moreau, he evidently underrated; he characterised him as an excellent general of division, but as unequal to the command of a large army; as calm and collected in the field, but better fitted to manœuvre during the heat of battle, than to make the previous dispositions. His celebrated retreat through Suabia was condemned by the Imperial critic as a gross blunder: his plan should have been, to move upon the rear of the Archduke Charles, instead of receding before the Austrians. Desaix and Kleber were, he said, 'infinitely' superior to Moreau, especially the former. Lasnes had seen much service, and was remarkable not only for consummate bravery, but for a 'clear, penetrating eye' in the midst of fire, vigilant and prompt to seize every advantage.

"Massena," said he, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself; gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest *sang froid* and judgment. This is, *la vera nobiltà di sangue*. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *un voleur*. He went halves along with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand, or a million of francs; but he had acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious; and had not his bright parts been soiled with the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

"Pichegru," continued Napoleon, "was *répétiteur* at Brienne, and instructed me in mathematics, when I was about ten years old. He possessed considerable knowledge in that science. As a general, Pichegru was a man of no ordinary talent, far superior to Moreau, although he had never done any thing extraordinarily great, as the success of the campaigns in Holland was in a great measure owing to the battle of Fleurus. Pichegru, after he had united himself to the Bourbons, sacrificed the lives of upwards of twenty thousand of his soldiers, by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed before-hand of his intentions. He had a dispute once with Kleber, at a time when, instead of marching his army upon Mayence, as he ought to have done, he marched the greatest part of them to another point, where Kleber observed that it would only be necessary to send the ambulances with a few men to make a shew. At that time, it was thought to be imbecility, but afterwards it was discovered to be treachery. One of Pichegru's projects was for Louis to come and join the army under his command, and to cause himself to be proclaimed king. In order to ensure success, he signified to Louis that it was necessary for him to bring a large sum of money; as he said that *Vive le Roi* lay at the bottom of the *gosier*, and that it would require a great quantity of wine to bring it out of the mouth. If Louis had come," continued he, "he would have been shot." Vol. I. pp. 239—241.

Napoleon used very little ceremony in speaking of the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia. The former he called *un Grec du bas empire*; and described as 'plausible, a great dissimulator, very ambitious,' and desirous of popularity. Both these monarchs excited the contempt of their great rival by their overweening attention to the *minutiae* of military detail, the buttons on a dragoon's jacket, and the position of the crosses of their orders. He blamed the policy of England in contributing to the aggrandizement of Russia, and pointed out in strong language the commanding position which the latter occupies. When, in the course of conversation, Mr. O'Meara

asked his opinion about Robespierre—"Robespierre," replied Napoleon, "was by no means the worst character who figured in the revolution. He opposed trying the queen. He was not an atheist; on the contrary, he had publicly maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, in opposition to many of his colleagues. Neither was he of opinion that it was necessary to exterminate all priests and nobles, like many others. Marat, for example, maintained, that to insure the liberties of France, it was necessary that six hundred thousand heads should fall. Robespierre wanted to proclaim the king, *hors de la loi*, and not to go through the ridiculous mockery of trying him. Robespierre was a fanatic, a monster, but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing, or of causing the deaths of others, either from personal enmity, or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting right, and died not worth a sous. In some respects, Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man. All the crimes

committed by Hebert, Chaumette, Collot D'Herbois, and others, were imputed to him. Marat," continued he, "Billaud de Varennes, Fouché, Hebert, and several others, were infinitely worse than Robespierre. It was truly astonishing," added Napoleon, "to see those fanatics, who, bathed up to the elbows in blood, would not for the world have taken a piece of money, or a watch, belonging to the victims they were butchering. There was not an instance, in which they had not brought the property of their victims to the *comité* of public safety. Wading in blood at every step, they believed they were doing right, and scrupled to commit the smallest act bordering upon dishonesty. Such was the power of fanaticism, that they conceived they were acting uprightly, at a time when a man's life was no more regarded by them than that of a fly. At the very time that Marat and Robespierre were committing those massacres, if Pitt had offered them two hundred millions, they would have refused it with indignation. They even tried and guillotined some of their own number, (such as Fabre d'Eglantine,) who were guilty of plundering. Not so Talleyrand, Danton, Barras, Fouché: they were *figurants*, and would have espoused any side for money. Talleyrand, *c'est le plus vil des agioteurs, homme corrompu, sans opinion, mais homme d'esprit*. A *figurant* ready to sell himself, and every thing, to the best bidder. Barras was such another."

* * * * *

"I asked how it had been possible that Barrère had escaped during the different ebullitions of the Revolution? "Barrère—*parceque c'est un homme sans caractère*. A man who changed and adapted himself to every side. He has the reputation of being a man of talent, but I did not find him so. I employed him to write, but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument. Nothing but *coglionerie* wrapped up in high-sounding language."

"Of all the sanguinary monsters," added the emperor, "who reigned in the revolution, Billaud de Varennes was the worst. Carnot, *c'est le plus honnête des hommes*. He left France without a sous."

* * * * *

"After the events in Brumaire," said he, "I had a long conversation with Sieyes, during which I entered considerably into the state of France, and divers political matters. Sieyes went immediately after to sup with some stern republicans, his most intimate friends. After the servants had left the room, he took off his cap, and throwing it upon the ground: "*Messieurs*," said he, "*il n'y a plus de republique, elle est déjà morte*. I have conversed to-day with a man who is not only a great general, but of himself capable of every thing, and who knows every thing. He wants no councillors, no assistance; politics, laws, the art of governing, are as familiar to him as the manner of commanding an army. He is young and determined. The republic is finished." "But," cried the republicans, "if he becomes a tyrant, *il faut le poignard de Brutus, &c.*" "*Hélas, mes amis, alors nous tomberons dans les mains des Bourbons, ce qui est pire.*"' Vol. II. pp. 169—73.

'Sieyes,' said Napoleon, 'possessed my confidence, and was a man of great talent, but, unlike Talleyrand, Sieyes was an upright man.'

Napoleon expressed himself in the highest terms of Larrey, the surgeon-general of his armies. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his official duties, and after an action, would examine in person, accompanied by a suite of young surgeons, the field of battle. At all hours, he was to be found among the wounded; was an implacable enemy to the fournisseurs; and without the smallest hesitation, would disturb any of the generals in the very dead of night, to procure accommodation for the sick or wounded. We give the following extract because it expresses the sentiments of a shrewd observer on an important point, and because it appears to us, with some exaggeration of detail, to contain suggestions worthy of attention.

'Speaking about service on board of ships of war at sea during the winter, especially of a certain class, I remarked, that the seamen were better off in point of being able to warm themselves at a fire than the officers. "Why so?" said Napoleon. I replied, "Because they have the advantage of the galley fire, where they can warm and dry themselves." "And why not the officers?" I said that it would not be exactly decorous for the officers to mix in that familiar way with the men. "*Ah! la morgue aristocratique, la rage aristocratique,*" exclaimed Napoleon. "Why, in my campaigns, I used to go to the lines in the *bivouacs*, sit down with the meanest soldier, converse, laugh, and joke with him. I always prided myself on being *l'homme du peuple*, (the man of the people). I observed that a man in his exalted situation might do without impropriety that which, if done by an inferior officer, especially on board of a ship, might produce too much familiarity, perhaps contempt, and thereby relaxation of discipline. "*La morgue aristocratique,*" cried Napoleon again, "you are the most aristocratical nation in the world. Had I been one of those *principiotti* in Germany, your oligarchy would never have sent me here. But because *je suis l'homme du peuple*; because I may say that I raised myself from the *canaille* to the greatest height of power without the aid of the aristocracy or hereditary rights; because a long line of nobles or of petty princes did not distinguish my name; because in fact I was not one of them, they determined to oppress and humiliate me when in their power. Lords Bathurst and Castlereagh, *la canaille de l'aristocratie*, are the persons who have ordered all these attempts. John Bull will comprehend that I am oppressed, *parceque je sors du peuple*, in order to prevent any of them from presuming to elevate themselves to a level with the aristocracy." Vol. II. pp. 251—3.

We really cannot suppress the following extract, but must give it unaccompanied with a single remark.

'He spoke at length about the state of England, observed, that it

was necessary not to yield too much to the people, or to allow them to think that it were conceded through fear. That perhaps the suspension of the habeas corpus act, might, for a short time, be a proper step, as well as an army kept up to intimidate the *canaille*. "But," said he, "I consider these to be only topical applications, which if used without general remedies, that should act upon the constitutional disease, might prove repellent and dangerous, by driving the complaint to nobler parts. England may be likened unto a patient requiring to have his system changed by a course of mercury. The only radical remedy is that which will affect the constitution, that is to say, relieve the misery which exists. This can only be effected by procuring a vent for your manufactures, and by reduction of expenditure, ministers setting the example themselves, by giving up the sinecures, &c. This would contribute essentially to calm the public agitation. Had the ministers come forward like men, at the opening of the session of parliament, and thrown up their sinecures, this, with the example set by the Prince Regent, would have quieted all tumults and complaints. The people, in expectation of experiencing something radically beneficial from so good a beginning, would have united, and time would have been gained to adopt measures to relieve the general distress. An exclusive commercial treaty for twenty years with the Brazils and Spanish South America might still be demanded with success. Or assist the colonies in rendering themselves independent, and you will have all their commerce. A war with Spain, if she refused to agree to your demands, would divert the attention of the public, employ soldiers and sailors, and a great portion of manufacturers:—All your miseries, I maintain to be owing to the imbecility and ignorance of Lord Castlereagh, and his inattention to the real prosperity of his own country. Had Lords Grenville or Wellesley been ambassadors, I am convinced that the interests of England would have been consulted. What would those Englishmen, who lived one hundred years ago, say, if they could rise from their graves, be informed of your glorious successes, cast their eyes upon England, witness her distress, and be informed that in the treaty of peace not a single article for the benefit of England had been stipulated! that, on the contrary, you had given up conquests and commercial rights necessary to your existence. When Austria gained ten millions of inhabitants, Russia eight, Prussia ten, Holland, Bavaria, Sardinia, and every other power obtained an increase of territory, why not England? who was the main organ of all the success. Instead of establishing a number of independent maritime states, such as Hamburg, Stralsund, Dantzic, Genoa, to serve as *entrepôts* for your manufactures, with conditions, either secret or otherwise, favourable to your commerce, you have basely given up Genoa to the king of Sardinia, and united Belgium to Holland. You have rendered yourselves hated by the Italians and Belgians, and have done irreparable injury to your trade. For, although it is a great point for you, that Belgium should be separated from France, it is a serious disadvantage to you that she should be united to Holland. Holland has no manufactories, and consequently would have become a *depôt* for yours, from whence a prodigious influx would be kept up in the continent. Now, however, that Belgium has been made a part of Holland, this last will naturally

prefer taking the manufactures of her subjects to those of a stranger, and all Belgium may be called a manufacturing town. Independent of this, in case of any future war with France, Holland must join the latter through fear of losing the provinces of Belgium.'

* * * * *

' Now let us see the state you are actually in. You are nearly as effectually shut out from the continent, as when I reigned and promulgated the continental system. I ask you, what peace dictated by me, supposing I had been victorious, would have been worse in its effects for England, than the one made by Lord Castlereagh, when she was triumphant. The hatred which your ministers bear to me, has precipitated them into an abyss. Your meddling in continental affairs and trying to make yourselves a great military power, instead of attending to the sea and commerce, will yet be your ruin as a nation. You were greatly offended with me for having called you a *nation of shopkeepers*. Had I meant by this, that you were a nation of cowards, you would have had reason to be displeased; even though it were ridiculous and contrary to historical facts; but no such thing was ever intended. I meant that you were a nation of merchants, and that all your great riches and your grand resources arose from commerce, which is true. What else constitutes the riches of England? It is not extent of territory, or a numerous population. It is not mines of gold, silver, or diamonds. Moreover, no man of sense ought to be ashamed of being called a shopkeeper. But your prince and your ministers appear to wish to change altogether *l'esprit* of the English, and to render you another nation; to make you ashamed of your shops and your trade, which have made you what you are, and to sigh after nobility, titles, and crosses; in fact, to assimilate you with the French. What other object can there be in all those cordons, crosses, and honours, which are so profusely showered? You are all nobility now, instead of the plain, old Englishmen. You are ashamed of yourselves, and want to be a nation of nobility and *gentlemen*. Nothing is to be seen or heard of now in England, but 'Sir John,' and 'my lady.' All those things did very well with me in France, because they were conformable to the spirit of the nation, but believe me, it is contrary both to the spirit and the interest of England. Stick to your ships, your commerce, and counting-houses, and leave cordons, crosses, and cavalry uniforms to the continent, and you will prosper. Lord Castlereagh himself was ashamed of your being called a nation of merchants, and frequently said in France, that it was a mistaken idea to suppose that England depended upon commerce, or was indebted to it for her riches; and added that it was not by any means necessary to her. How I laughed when I heard of this false pride. He betrayed his country at the peace. I do not mean to say," continued he, laying his hand over his heart, "that he did it from here, but he betrayed it by neglecting its interests. He was in fact the *commis* of the allied sovereigns. Perhaps he wanted to convince them that you were not a nation of merchants, by shewing clearly that you would not make any advantageous bargain for yourselves; by magnanimously giving up every thing, that nations might cry, 'Oh! how nobly England has behaved.' Had he attended to the interests of his own country, had he stipulated for commercial treaties, for the

independence of some maritime states and towns, for certain advantages to be secured to England, to indemnify her for the waste of blood, and the enormous sacrifices she had made, why then they might have said, 'What a mercenary people, they are truly a nation of merchants; see what bargains they want to make:' and Lord Castlereagh would not have been so well received in the *drawing-rooms*!"

"Talent he may have displayed in some instances," continued the emperor, "and great pertinacity in accomplishing my downfall; but as to knowledge of, or attention to, the interests of his own country, he has manifested neither the one nor the other. Probably for a thousand years, such another opportunity of aggrandizing England will not occur. In the position of affairs, nothing could have been refused to you. But now after such romantic and unparalleled successes; after having been favoured by God and by accidents, in the manner you have been; after effecting impossibilities—I may say, effecting what the most sanguine mind could never have entertained the most distant idea of, what has England gained?—the cordons of the allied sovereigns for Lord Castlereagh!"

"When," continued Napoleon, "a nation has been favoured so much as yours has been, and that misery exists in that nation, it must be owing to the imbecility of the ministers. The transition from war to peace cannot explain it. It is of too long a continuance. Had I been the English minister, or had the minister been possessed of common sense, and not blinded by vanity, or one who would not have allowed himself to be duped by the attentions of kings and emperors; you would have been rich, the seas covered with your ships, and your manufacturers would have been wealthy and flourishing. Lord Castlereagh will be an object of reprehension for the nation and for posterity."

Vol. II. pp. 77—84.

By far too large a portion of these volumes is filled up with minute and wearying details relating to the continual bickerings between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe. If the statements given by Mr. O'Meara are to be depended on, the Governor of St. Helena conducted himself towards his prisoner in a very undignified and unwarrantable manner; but, as we have nothing before us besides an *ex parte* statement, we are unable to enter fairly into a question which we are not sorry to have this excuse for abstaining from altogether. The situation of a man like Napoleon at St. Helena, was sufficiently galling, without the addition of the least unnecessary severity. Mr. O'Meara, after repeated censures and menaces, was displaced by an official order dated the 25th of July 1818.

The work is neither unpleasantly nor unskilfully written; but the desultory and Boswell-like form which has unavoidably been given to it, has made it necessary for us to occupy a larger space in extract than in analysis.

Art. IV. *Napoleon and other Poems.* By Bernard Barton. 8vo. pp. xvi, 256. Price 12s. London. 1822.

WE have few readers who will not welcome another volume from Bernard Barton, the poetical Friend. But what have we here? *Napoleon*, a poem, dedicated to George the Fourth! Lurks there ambition, then, beneath the ample beaver and quiet manner of this follower of Penn, which has prompted this high and courtly flight? Not so. Friend Barton has only taken occasion from the death of Napoleon, to advocate the cause of Peace; and with an honest and upright zeal, he inscribes the poem, 'with all due respect,' to the 'monarch of a nation eminently distinguished by its high profession of Christianity, and its zealous efforts to extend the Gospel.'

'The Author is aware that a poem under the designation of *NAPOLÉON*, may suggest anticipations which his performance was never intended to realize: and should he be compelled to plead guilty to a misnomer, he trusts his more candid readers will accept as his apology the simple statement of the fact, that the death of Napoleon actually gave rise to the reflections contained in the poem; and that its design was less "to adorn a tale," than to "point a moral," which the chequered lot of this extraordinary man had strikingly suggested.

'With respect to the sentiments expressed in the poem on the subject of war, the Author rather wishes to submit them to the indulgence of his readers, and respectfully to request for them their serious reflection, than argumentatively to attempt their defence. He admits them to be the sentiments of one to whom *all* war, under the Christian dispensation, is unlawful. But as this opinion is the avowed and well-known tenet of a religious society, with which he has never concealed his own connexion, and whose faith and doctrine on this important topic is cordially assented to by him; he can hardly conceive it possible for what he has written either to excite surprise, or to give offence.'

They will, assuredly, have neither of these effects: they are sentiments which claim, and will ensure respect where they fail to produce conviction. For our own part, although we cannot go the length of the Peace Society, in some of their positions on the subject of War, there are few cases in which we should be found practically to differ from them. In the general tenor of Mr. Barton's sentiments, we entirely coincide. But when he argues that

'all war is still

Forbidden by the law which says Thou shalt
not kill,'—

he appears to us to forget that that law was given under a dispensation which expressly sanctioned war, even to the extent of a judicial extermination of the heathen nations, and which made the extinction of life by the sword of the magistrate, the penalty

of various offences. The letter of the sixth commandment cannot, therefore, extend to war as war, any more than to capital punishments, because that would be to make the Divine law, under the Jewish dispensation, inconsistent with itself.

That the *occasion* of war is in all cases purely evil, and that wars and fightings have uniformly originated in men's evil passions, will readily be admitted. Still, such an admission fails to supply any ground for the conclusion, that all war is unlawful. All physical suffering has its origin in moral evil. The occasion of even just punishment, is evil. War, equally with criminal punishments, is, professedly and ostensibly, a remedial measure : its occasion is crime. But whether it be in its own nature essentially criminal, must be determined by other considerations. It is at least not self-evident.

The Society of Friends consistently deny even the right of the magistrate to take away life. Our readers are sufficiently aware that we are no advocates for capital punishments. But if the execution of a malefactor were incompatible with the doctrine of Christian forgiveness, or the exercise of Christian charity, then, all punishment that had not the good of the offender for its measure and ultimate object, would be liable to the same objection. The reformation of the offender ought never to be lost sight of by human laws ; but there are some cases in which that is rendered hopeless by the character of the offender, and some in which it must be sacrificed to other and more peremptory considerations. The primary end of punishment is, most assuredly, to deter others from offending ; and the principle on which all punishment proceeds, is, not that of ill-will to the culprit, but of regard to the general weal. And for this purpose the sword is entrusted to the magistrate by God himself. There is nothing inconsistent, therefore, in praying for the very criminal whom we are the instrument of delivering up to justice ; nothing incompatible in our forgiving him the personal wrong for which the laws justly visit him with punishment. To suppose every prosecutor instigated by malice, would be equally erroneous and uncharitable.

Now, in a strictly defensive war, it appears to us that the injury inflicted on the aggressor by repelling his attack, even when it extends to taking away his life, can no more be chargeable upon private malice or vindictive feeling, than the punishment of a malefactor. In point of fact, even in unjust and unjustifiable warfare, personal enmity has seldom any influence on the combatants. The conduct of our British sailors more especially towards their fallen enemies, has proverbially been characterized by magnanimity and kindness. We can perceive no necessary inconsistency in a good man's praying for the

very enemies he is about to combat, supposing his cause to be good, and his engaging in the warfare involuntary. The familiar case of an invasion would, in our view, place him in such a predicament. But if such a case be imaginable, the argument against war as war, drawn from the doctrine of Christian forgiveness, falls to the ground. It would equally apply to all sorts of punishment,—to the infliction of privation, not less than of positive injury, on those who oppress, attack, or offend against us.

‘ Praying now with Huss,
And then with Zisca fighting,—

is indeed a flagrant and monstrous discrepancy. Nothing can be more plainly forbidden than the attempt to extend the cause of Christ by violence. When Paul stood upon his rights, it was not as a Christian, but as a Roman, a citizen of no mean city. And so, “ if any man suffer as a Christian,” that is, on account of his religion, the duty of an unresisting submission appears to us to be manifest. “ If ye suffer for righteousness’ sake, happy are ye.” All religious wars, as they have been termed, as well as all penal laws and proceedings in matters purely religious, are in the most flagrant contrariety to the express mandate, as well as the spirit and example of the Saviour. All private resistance to even unjust laws is forbidden by the same authority. But war, as war, comes under neither class of prohibitions, and must be deprecated on other grounds.

It is only as to the abstract question, however, that real Christians of every denomination will be found to differ. As to the true character of wars in general,—their unjustifiable origin, barbarous and unprincipled nature, and ruinous consequences, we are ready to concede all that Mr. Barton can wish. The line he quotes from Cowper, is a text which would furnish a still more ample commentary than he founds upon it :

‘ War is a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.’

We shall not enter further into the argument of the leading poem. We applaud the Author’s spirit and his motives ; his sentiments are unexceptionable, whatever may be thought of his arguments ; and there is much in the execution to command and to repay repeated perusal. The didactic nature of the subject has given a heaviness to some passages of the poem, which was scarcely avoidable ; and Mr. Barton has occasionally ventured upon a colloquial freedom and fluency in his versification, which can be pardoned only when eloquence is substituted for poetry. Stanzas 33, 34, 39, and 41, supply instances of a rhythm too closely bordering on prose. Yet, with all these

deductions, the poem is worthy of its Author; and this, after the opinion we have more than once expressed respecting Mr. Barton's talents, is no equivocal praise. We subjoin a few stanzas.

' What is Napoleon *now*,—admitting all
His former talents, enterprise, and power?
The time has been, nor distant, when the thrall
Of his portentous name made monarchs cower,
And tremble in the proudest palace-tower:
Fate seemed his fiat, fortune as his guide;
And empire, held by suffrance, was the dower
Which, when he took unto himself a bride,
He spared an elder throne, with cool contemptuous pride.

What is he now? Ten years ago his death
Had spread through Europe with a voice of thunder;
Fame's trump had blazon'd with her loudest breath
The tale; and many a captive, groaning under
The conqueror's yoke, had snapt his chains asunder.
Stupid indifference now supplies the place,
In many minds, of that mute vacant wonder
They then had known, what time they paused a space,
Before they deem'd him dead, with solemn doubtful face.

' He dies upon a surf-surrounded rock!
Far from each court, and every courtly ring;
Far from the fields where once, in battle's shock,
Death stalk'd around him, a familiar thing:
His eagle long before had furl'd his wing;
His star of honour set, to rise no more!
Nor could a hope remain that time might bring
Glory to either spell, as heretofore;
Therefore to him the life of life itself was o'er.

' And we who of his death the tidings hear,
Receive them as a tale of times gone by,
Which wakes nor joy, nor grief, nor hope, nor fear:
And if in nobler hearts a passing sigh
For *such* a lot reflection may supply,
Few follow up that feeling to its source:
The multitude, with undiscerning eye,
See all around pursue its usual course,
And care not for his death, nor thoughts it should enforce.'

We now turn with pleasure to the minor poems which compose the bulk of the volume. In the very front, its proper station, we have a noble poem to the Sun, from which we cannot resist making a long extract.

' Monarch of day, once rev'rently adored
By virtuous Pagans, if no longer thou

With orisons art worshipped, as the lord
Of the delightful lyre, or dreadful bow ;
If thy embodied essence be not now,
As it once was, regarded as divine ;
Nor blood of victims at thine altar flow,
Nor clouds of incense hover round thy shrine,
Yet fitly may'st thou claim the homage of the Nine.

‘ Nor can I deem it strange, that in past ages
Men should have knelt and worshipp'd thee ; that kings,
And laurell'd bards, rob'd priests, and hoary sages,
Should, far above all sublunary things,
Have turn'd to thee, whose radiant glory flings
Its splendour over all. Ere Gospel light
Had dawn'd, and given to thought sublimer wings,
I cannot marvel, in that mental night,
That nations should obey, and nature own thy right.

‘ For man was then, as now he is, compell'd
By conscious frailties manifold, to seek
Something to worship. In the heart, unquell'd
By innate evil, thoughts there are which speak
One language in Barbarian, Goth, or Greek :
A language by the heart well understood,
Proclaiming man is helpless, frail, and weak,
And urging him to bow to stone, or wood,
Till what his hands had form'd his heart rever'd as good.

Do I commend idolatry ?—O no !

I merely would assert the human heart
Must worship : that its hopes and fears will go
Out of itself, and restlessly depart
In search of somewhat which its own fond art,
Tradition, custom, or sublimer creed
Of Revelation brings, to assuage the smart
With which its inward wounds too often bleed ;
When nature's boasted strength is found a broken reed.

‘ Can it be wondrous then, before the name
Of the ETERNAL GOD was known, as now,
That orisons were pour'd, and votaries came
To offer at thine altars, and to bow
Before an object beautiful as thou ?
No, it was natural, in those darker days,
For such to wreath around thy phantom brow
A fitting chaplet of thine arrowy rays,
Shaping thee forth a form to accept their prayer or praise.

‘ Even I, majestic Orb ! who worship not
The splendour of thy presence, who control
My present feelings, as thy future lot
Is painted to the vision of my soul,
When final darkness, like an awful scroll,
Shall quench thy fires ;—even I, if I could kneel

To aught but Him who fram'd this wondrous whole,
 Could worship thee ; so deeply do I feel
 Emotions, words alone are powerless to reveal.

' For thou art glorious ! when, from thy pavilion,
 Thou lookest forth at morning ; flinging wide
 Its curtain-clouds of purple and vermillion,
 Dispensing light and life on every side ;
 Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly spied
 Through glittering mist, opening each dew-gemm'd flower,
 Or touching in some hamlet, far descried,
 Its spiral wreathes of smoke that upward tower,
 While birds their matins sing from many a leafy bower.

' And more magnificent art thou, bright Sun !
 Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed :
 Who, that has seen thee thus, as I have done,
 Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread
 From thy emerging radiance ? Upwards sped,
 E'en to the centre of the vaulted sky,
 Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed
 Hues indescribable—of gorgeous dye,
 Making among the clouds mute, glorious pageantry.

' Then, then, how beautiful, across the deep,
 The lustre of thy orient path of light !
 Onward, still onward, o'er the waves that leap
 So lovelily, and shew their crests of white,
 The eye, unsated, in its own despite,
 Still up that vista gazes ; till thy way
 Over the waters seems a pathway bright
 For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay
 Man's homage unto HIM who bade thee " *RULE THE DAY.*"

' And thou thyself, forgetting what thou art,
 Appear'st thy Maker's temple, in whose dome
 The silent worship of the expanding heart
 May rise, and seek its own eternal home :
 The intervening billows' snowy foam,
 Rising successively, seem steps of light,
 Such as on Bethel's plain the angels clomb ;
 When, to the slumbering patriarch's ravish'd sight,
 Heaven's glories were reveal'd in visions of the night.

' Nor are thy evening splendours, mighty Orb !
 Less beautiful : and oh ! more touching far,
 And of more power, thought, feeling to absorb
 In silent ecstasy, to me they are :
 When, watchful of thy exit, one pale star
 Shines on the brow of summer's loveliest eve ;
 And breezes, softer than the soft guitar,
 Whose plaintive notes Castilian maids deceive,
 Among the foliage sigh, and take of thee their leave.

- ‘ O ! then it is delightful to behold
 Thy calm departure : soothing to survey
 Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,
 The milder pomp of thy declining sway :
 How beautiful, on church-tower old and grey,
 Is shed thy parting smile ; how brightly glow
 Thy last beams on some tall tree’s loftiest spray,
 While silvery mists half veil the trunk below,
 And hide the rippling stream that scarce is heard to flow.
- ‘ Majestic Orb ! when at the tranquil close
 Of a long day in irksome durance spent,
 I’ve wandered forth, and seen thy disk repose
 Upon the vast horizon, while it lent
 Its glory to the kindling firmament,
 While clouds on clouds, in rich confusion roll’d,
 Encompass’d thee as with a gorgeous tent,
 Whose most magnificent curtains would unfold,
 And form a vista bright, through which I might behold
- ‘ Celestial visions.—Then the wondrous story
 Of BUNYAN’S PILGRIM seem’d a tale most true ;
 How he beheld their entrance into glory,
 And saw them pass the pearly portal through ;
 Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view
 Of that bright city, shining like the sun,
 Whose glittering streets appear’d of golden hue,
 Where spirits of the just, their conflicts done,
 Walk’d in white robes, with palms, and crowned every one.’

Our next extract is in a different and a higher strain. Mr. Barton has a style of his own, but he reminds us frequently of Montgomery, whose happiest efforts he has rivalled in the exquisite moral propriety and pathos of the following poem.

‘ The Pool of Bethesda.

- ‘ Around Bethesda’s healing wave,
 Waiting to hear the rustling wing
 Which spoke the Angel nigh, who gave
 Its virtue to that holy spring,
 With patience and with hope endued,
 Were seen the gather’d multitude.
- ‘ Among them there was one, whose eye
 Had often seen the waters stirr’d ;
 Whose heart had often heav’d the sigh,
 The bitter sigh of hope deferr’d ;
 Beholding, while he suffer’d on,
 The healing virtue *given*—and *gone* !
- ‘ No power had he ; no friendly aid
 To him its timely succour brought ;

But, while his coming he delay'd;

Another won the boon he sought;—

Until THE SAVIOUR'S love was shewn,

Which heal'd him by a word alone!

Had they who watch'd and waited there

Been conscious who was passing by,

With what unceasing, anxious care,

Would they have sought his pitying eye;

And craved, with fervency of soul,

His power Divine to make them whole.

But habit and tradition swayed

Their minds to trust to sense alone;

They only hoped the Angel's aid;

While in their presence stood, unknown,

A greater, mightier far than he,

With power from every pain to free.

Bethesda's pool has lost its power!

No angel, by his glad descent,

Dispenses that diviner dower

Which with its healing waters went.

But He, whose word surpass'd its wave,

Is still omnipotent to save.

And what that fountain once was found,

Religion's outward forms remain—

With living virtue only crown'd

While their first freshness they retain;

Only replete with power to cure

When, Spirit-stirr'd, their source is pure!

Yet are there who this truth confess,

Who know how little forms avail;

But whose protracted helplessness

Confirms the impotent's sad tale;

Who, day by day, and year by year,

As emblems of his lot appear.

They hear the sounds of life and love,

Which tell the visitant is nigh;

They see the troubled waters move,

Whose touch alone might health supply;

But, weak of faith, infirm of will,

Are powerless, helpless, hopeless still!

Saviour! thy love is still the same

As when that healing word was spoke:

Still in thine all-redeeming Name

Dwells power to burst the strongest yoke!

O! be that power, that love display'd,

Help those—whom Thou alone canst aid!

There are several other poems in the volume, scarcely inferior to this in beauty of sentiment and expression; among which we refer more particularly to "Days of Darkness," "On the Approach of Winter," "the Wall-flower," and "the Contrast." These were of themselves sufficient to embalm the Author's name. There is also a very pleasing "Christmas Carol," which, as written by a person of the Author's religious sentiments, may be esteemed somewhat remarkable. Mr. Barton professes himself to be one of the followers of Penn; but the intelligent Christian would in vain look for any indications, in the strain of his poems on religious subjects, of a sectarian or mystic faith. We will not say that we have felt surprise at finding him express himself in the explicit manner he does on some points, respecting which the doctrines of Quakerism have been suspected to lean towards a heterodox, or at least a deficient view of the Christian system. We are never surprised at finding a pious man of any persuasion, Papist or Calvinist, Moravian or Quaker, whatever be his educational creed, breaking through its provincial peculiarities, and adopting the common standard dialect and accent of the well-bred Bible Christian,—speaking the universal language of the Catholic Church. It is not surprise, but sincere satisfaction which has been awakened, more especially by the tone of the Author's references to the great Redeeming Sacrifice.

The extracts we have given will supersede the necessity of any further encomium on the volume itself. As a whole, it is as superior to his first volume, as might have been expected from the effects of popular encouragement and subsequent cultivation, on a mind containing in itself the principle of growth, and rich in all the elements of poetic feeling.

Art. V. *The Fortunes of Nigel.* By the Author of "*Waverley*, *Kenilworth*," &c. In 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1822.

CRITICISM has been so completely exhausted on this admirable Writer's 'gorgeous gallerie of rare inventions,' that we shall not waste a single sentence in the attempt to estimate their comparative value. Whether this, his last production, (and almost while we write it may cease to be the last,) be equal or inferior to *Waverley* or *Old Mortality*, is to us a question of little interest. It is quite enough for our gratification, that we have felt throughout the powerful influence of genius and knowledge, collecting their stores from the history and the literature of the olden and of modern times, and blending the rich materials with transcendent mastery and skill. There is nothing more remarkable in the peculiar talent of the Author,

than the exquisite tact with which he discovers and appropriates the neglected wealth of forgotten days. The customs, the eccentricities, the dress and the language of our ancestors are to him 'familiar as his garter.' Our ancient romances, ballads, chronicles, and stage-plays, are his light reading, and furnish his vigorous and plastic fancy with an inexhaustible supply. From Marlowe to Shadwell, from Thomas the Rhymer to Patrick Carey, nothing has escaped him; and whether he describe the Vault of Judgement at Holy Isle, or the fortalice of the Red Reiver, the splendid festivities of Kenilworth, the homely hospitality of Cedric, or the coarse rivalry of Richard and the Friar; whether, in short, he paint living or inanimate nature, mind or matter, he gives so complete an air of present and entire reality to his pictures, that they almost cease to be fictions, and take hold of our sympathies, and imprint themselves on our memories with all the implicitness of substantial facts. He has no talent for the skilful construction of a story; his plots are the simplest and least interesting things imaginable; but such is his faculty of identification, so perfectly to the life are his characters drawn, coloured, grouped, and put in action, and with such veritable circumstance does he surround them, that we are insensible to deficiencies in his fable, that would be fatal to any less powerful spell than that by which he contrives to enthrall us, compelling our sympathy with the vicissitudes of his personages.

The present production can scarcely be said to have a regular fable. The Story of Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarlock, is conducted with quick and spirited adventure, but with little of that artful intricacy which should enter into the construction of a legitimate plot, in a lively and semi-dramatic form from beginning to end. In fact, it consists of a series of scenes, connected by a simple and inartificial tale, in which the Writer has revived the costume, manners, and localities of former times, with a distinctness and richness of outline and colour that seem to give the reality rather than the semblance of the objects delineated. In an introductory dialogue between Captain Clutterbuck and the Author, the latter admits his want of skill in construction in the following terms.

'I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale, divided it into volumes and chapters, and endeavoured to construct a story which I meant should evolve itself gradually and strikingly, maintain suspense, and stimulate curiosity; and which, finally, should terminate in a striking catastrophe. But I think there is a dæmon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular

mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly, and the work is complete long before I have attained the point I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas, my dear sir, you do not know the force of paternal affection. When I light on such a character as Bailie Jarvie, or Dalgitty, my imagination brightens, and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road, and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again. If I resist the temptation as you advise me, my thoughts become prosy, flat, and dull; I write painfully to myself, and under a consciousness of flagging, which makes me flag still more; the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents, departs from them, and leaves every thing dull and gloomy. I am no more the same author, than the dog in a wheel, condemned to go round and round for hours, is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail, and gambolling in all the frolic of unrestrained freedom.

Without pursuing the endless ramifications of the story, which narrates the adventures of Nigel from poverty and neglect, to a recovered estate and the favour of James the First of England, we shall touch slightly on the principal scenes which pass in succession before the reader. The first volume opens with a lively representation of the singular and turbulent habits of the apprentices of London. They enter with their loud appeals to the passengers in recommendation of their wares, and with the clamorous war-cry of 'clubs,' 'clubs,' which, like the Fiery Cross of the Gael, passed from one to another, until the formidable *levée en masse* of the 'prentices, was in complete insurrection and ready for mischief. After some necessary preliminaries, which are adjusted in the shop of David Ramsay, an eminent watchmaker, we are introduced to the hero of the tale in his lodgings at a ship-chandler's near Pauls' Wharf, where he is visited by George Heriot, jeweller to King James, who benevolently undertakes to present a petition in favour of the young lord's claims on the treasury. The visit of this worthy tradesman to the Court for this purpose, affords an opportunity for the introduction of James I.

'The goldsmith to the Royal Household, and who, if fame spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker, (for these professions were not as yet separated from each other,) was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from centinel or porter; and leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer court, he gently knocked at a postern-gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an anti-room, where three or four pages, in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more carelessly than the place and nearness to a King's person

seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anti-room, was occupied by two gentlemen-ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition, as the wealthy goldsmith entered. No word was spoken on either side, but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot, and then to a little door half covered by the tapestry, which seemed to say as plain as a look could—"Lies your business that way?"—The citizen nodded, and the court-attendant, moving on tiptoe, and with as much caution as if the floor had been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply, "Admit him instanter, Maxwell. Have ye hair-boured sae lang at the court, and not learned that gold and silver is ever welcome?"

The usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the Sovereign.

The scene of confusion amid which he found the king seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the Royal Prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.

In the course of the interview, Heriot contrives to present the petition of Nigel, to the great annoyance of James, who is, however, compelled by the enumeration of family services, to order, under the sign manual, measures to be adopted for the discharge of the well-established claims of the young nobleman. Previously to the personal introduction of Olifaunt to the sovereign, difficulties had intervened. The duke of Buckingham had taken a fancy to the estates of Glenvarlock, and his favour with the king and with prince Charles gave him a fair prospect of obtaining them. When Nigel presented himself at court,

he found the effects of this intrigue. The door-keeper refused him entrance, which he obtained at last only by the interference of the Earl of Huntinglen, a sturdy old nobleman whose attachment to James had been so signally proved as to give him the strongest claims on his gratitude. In the subsequent interview, the monarch had an opportunity of exhibiting his learning so much to his own satisfaction, that, aided by the powerful intercession of Lord Huntinglen, the claims of Olifaunt were officially acknowledged, and put in train of liquidation. The demeanour of Buckingham on this occasion is portrayed with all this Writer's wonted spirit. Heriot, Nigel, and the Earl of Huntinglen

were in the second anti-room, when the important communication of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other, "the Duke—the Duke," made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favorite. He entered, that unhappy minion of court favour, sumptuously dressed in the picturesque attire which will live for ever on the canvas of Vandyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nodding to its fall, still, by external show and profuse expense, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The handsome and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manners of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become that picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him, that the Earl of Huntinglen, who affected no extraordinary haste on the occasion, with his companions, who could not, if they would, have decently left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntinglen, but unbonnetted to Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greeting, which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said,—“Too much courtesy, my lord Duke, is often the reverse of kindness.”

“I grieve you should think so, master Heriot,” answered the Duke; “I only meant by my homage, to claim your protection. Sir,—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits—a promoter—an undertaker—a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality, who chance to be penniless. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast.”

“They will bear me the further, my lord Duke,” answered the Goldsmith, “that my boast is but small.”

“O, you do yourself less than justice, my good master Heriot,” continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; “you have a marvellous court-faction, to be the son of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the

goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage."

"That shall be *my* task," said Lord Huntinglen, with emphasis. "My lord Duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarlock, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland.—Lord Glenvarlock, I present you to his grace the Duke of Buckingham, representative of Sir George Villiers, knight, of Brookesby, in the county of Leicester."

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarlock scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily, and with restrained indignation. "We know each other, then," said the Duke, after a moment's pause, and as if he had seen something in the young nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter raillery with which he had commenced. "We know each other—and you know me, my lord, for your enemy."

"I thank you for your plainness, my lord Duke," replied Nigel; "an open enemy is better than a hollow friend."

"For you, my lord Huntinglen," said the Duke, "methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted to you, as the father of the prince's friend, and my own."

"By my faith, my lord Duke," replied the Earl, "it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries, of the existence of which he was not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation, that my son keeps such exalted company."

"O, my lord, we know you, and indulge you," said the Duke, "you are one of those who presume for a life-long upon the merit of one good action."

"In faith, my Lord, and if it be so," said the old Earl, "I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do, without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my Lord—we can neither be friends nor enemies—you have your path, and I have mine."

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted thus: the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

The events which take place after this interview, crowd on each other with a rapidity and pressure which would baffle every attempt at minute analysis within reasonable limits. The introduction of Nigel to Lord Dalgarno, only son of the Earl of Huntinglen, is the commencement of a series of disasters in which he is involved through his connexion with that dissipated and designing young nobleman. He degrades himself by a habit of petty gambling; and ultimately, detecting the base purposes of Dalgarno, who, as the tool of Buckingham, had laid his plans to effect the ruin of Olifaunt, strikes him in St. James's Park,—an act which exposed him to the penalty of mutilation. He effects his escape, however, and finds a tem-

porary concealment in Alsatia, a district of London, in the neighbourhood of the Temple, which enjoyed the privilege of exemption from civil arrest, and by its intricacy, and the desperate character of its tenants, afforded a rarely invaded shelter to such as were accused of minor offences against criminal justice. The humours of this realm of misrule, are vividly but coarsely described; and a scene of murder, in which Nigel rescues the daughter of the decrepid and wealthy usurer, in whose house he has hired a lodging, from the fate which has befallen her father, is powerfully drawn. The deep grief of the withered female over the dead body of her parent, is exhibited with great intensity of expression. At last, Glenvarlock resolves to throw himself at once upon the mercy of King James. The interview in Greenwich park, with the whimsical description of the hunting feats of the timid monarch, and of his alarm at the abrupt address of the wild and eager suppliant, is, on the whole, the best done thing in the book. Nigel is consigned to the Tower, where he is visited by Margaret Ramsay, a beautiful girl who has been previously introduced as the daughter of the old clockmaker, and the godchild of Heriot. This young lady had fallen in love with the hero of the tale, and having assumed male attire for the purpose of extricating him, had been seized in the park, and by the orders of King James, in waggish mood, when he had contrived to ascertain her sex and motives, sent to the Tower and to Nigel's own apartment. The interview is managed with perfect delicacy: she is carried off by Heriot, who has obtained access to Olifaunt; and the various plots and counterplots, disasters and retrievals, terminate in the restoration of the hero to the estates and honours of his ancestors, and in his marriage to Margaret Ramsay.

The adventures of the lady Hermione are by no means a pleasant appendage to the main story. The characters of Richie Moniplies, of Old Trapbois the miser and his daughter, and of the snarling and malicious old knight, Sir Mungo Malagrowth, are forcibly drawn. The portrait of King James is a perfect miniature; but the Author, in producing a spirited picture, has sacrificed the likeness. The monarch is here exhibited in a very favourable light. Placable, warm-hearted, and anxious to do right, he is set before us as an object of almost affectionate regard, and altogether as a very amiable personage. But this is an old trick of the Writer's, who is evidently in the pay of the ghosts of the Stuarts. His Prince Charles Edward, and his Claverhouse are instances of similar license. He is, however, a poet and dramatist, not an historian; and this must be his apology. For the real character of James, his readers must refer to the able life of Melville by

Dr. M'Crie. Let any one contemplate the mean, shuffling, arbitrary behaviour of James towards the Scottish ministers, and then turn to the delineation of his character in the present romance; he will instantly detect the partiality which has lavished its *glazing* on a portrait, the harsh features of which required all this softening down before they could be rendered at all attractive.

Art. VI. *The Trial of James Stuart, Esq. younger of Duncarn, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, on Monday, June 10, 1822.*
Taken in Short-hand, and prepared under the Direction of his Friends.
Third Edition. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. Edinburgh. 1822.

WE notice the Trial of Mr. Stuart, not merely because the speeches of his two able advocates are reported with unusual accuracy, and printed under their own correction, but chiefly with the view of calling the attention of our readers to a subject which has lately occupied a large share of the public interest. In Scotland, in particular, it has agitated the public mind to a degree paralleled only in times of civil commotion; and it has been alleged, with what truth we know not, that never since the Rebellion in 1745, has any event occasioned in that country an excitation so deep, uniform, and intense. We do not, however, avail ourselves of these circumstances for the purpose of gratifying curiosity, or of imparting an adventitious attraction to our pages. But, in these topics of public interest, are contained warnings which ought not to be neglected; and we cannot let pass this opportunity of pointing out the alarming consequences of the growing abuse of the public press.

The fatal duel in which Sir Alexander Boswell fell,—by which his wife has been made a widow, his children fatherless, and we may almost add, his *friend* a murderer,—is the event which chiefly arrests the attention. Before concluding the present article, we shall have occasion to offer some remarks, with the view of pointing out the evils of that barbarous practice which is founded upon what are falsely called the *laws of Honour*. But it will be necessary for us briefly to premise the circumstances which led to that event. And we do so with the less reluctance, because the calamity under which Mr. Stuart has fallen in being the author of Sir Alexander Boswell's death, did not originate in personal or private animosity, but is immediately connected with a System, whose direct tendency is to throw among us the fire-brand of discord, by giving unbridled scope to the tongue of slander, harrowing up the feelings of private individuals, scorning alike the feebleness of sex, and the reverence due to old age, disturbing the slumber-

ing ashes of the dead, and violating the hitherto unpolluted sanctuary of domestic retirement.

No one will imagine that we are capable of wishing to trench upon the liberty of the Press, or that we are insensible to its vast and immeasurable importance. It is the bulwark of our freedom, the defence of our religion, the pride and glory of our country. But, if this mighty engine is to be prostituted to the vilest purposes; if it is to be made subservient to the designs of the profligate and unprincipled; if it is to be pointed as a battery against the peace and happiness of society, then it becomes a curse instead of a blessing.

' So, the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'

Happily, however, there is in the freedom of the Press itself, a redeeming power which is almost certain to operate as the remedy of these evils; and it is in the exercise of this power, and in the hope that abler pens will be engaged in the same service, that we now wish to raise our voice, however feeble, against the cowardly employment of a free press for the purposes of personal and private slander.

It is probably known to the majority of our readers, that the conflicting currents of party politics usually run much stronger in Scotland than in England. It were easy to assign the causes of this remarkable fact; but it is enough to remark, that it does not altogether arise from the natural warmth and eagerness of the national character, but, in a great measure, from the more contracted range of society, and from the patronage of the Crown operating most extensively over a scanty population. Almost every family of a certain rank may reasonably expect, for one or more of its members, a share in the fruits of this patronage. The number of electors in the largest county, does not greatly exceed 200, so that every vote is of importance, and, if given on the right side, sufficient to constitute a claim to notice. The consequence of this has been, that the majority of the landholders and gentry have always found it impolitic to be in opposition to the existing administration. At the time of the French Revolution, there were few who durst avow even moderately liberal and independent principles in Scotland; and if any one signalised himself in this way, he became exposed

to the risk of a proscription in society almost involuntary in those who were made its instruments. Still, the spirit of independence has been gaining ground. Almost the whole of the middling classes, which form the strength of every state, are now favourable to rational liberty ; and the proscriptive disposition of the violent supporters of Government in higher life, has been kept in check by that brilliant succession of men of genius and of eloquence, which for thirty years has been arrayed in opposition at the bar, and which has formed the ornament of the best society in the Scottish metropolis. This has been undeniably the case for many years ; and although the collision between the Whigs and the Tories was occasionally violent, yet, a better spirit seemed to be gaining ground. The Whigs, outvoted at almost every meeting of county freeholders, had, nevertheless, always the satisfaction to feel themselves powerful from their abilities ; and it seemed as if numbers on the one side, and talent on the other, preserved an equilibrium between the contending parties.

But this calm was not long permitted to continue. The cry of danger from Reform, which commenced in England, was loudly re-echoed in Scotland. In that country, many had begun to exert themselves to obtain some improvements in the system of their Burgh-government. They were assisted by the Whigs, and their claims were so moderate and reasonable, that it seemed almost impossible to offer to them any resistance. It was at this time, in the year 1817, that the system of private slander was commenced. A literary journal, which has since rendered itself notorious throughout the kingdom, was converted by its Editors into a vehicle for the discharge of every description of abuse upon those who differed with them in politics. The private history, the forgotten errors, the personal defects, the petty failings, the trifling peculiarities, and the family misfortunes of their opponents, were held up to public view, and exposed with relentless bitterness, to be pointed at with the ' slow-moving finger of scorn.' Prosecution followed prosecution, and each was successful ; but the Magazine was still read with avidity, and thus enabled to continue its calumnies. We need not tell how much the animosities, the heart-burnings, the dissensions which were thus revived, tended to undermine the happiness and confidence of society. The death of the unfortunate and distinguished Mr. Scott in the beginning of the year 1821, hardly gave a momentary check to the unblushing abettors of this determined system of personal attack. A weekly political journal, called the *BEACON*, was established almost at this very period, upon the model of the infamous *JOHN BULL*. The monthly malevolence of the Magazine now

became impotent, compared with the weekly atrocities of the Beacon. For eight months did this paper proceed in its career, libelling and calumniating all who were either directly or indirectly connected with a different party in politics. The Editors of the Beacon, with a cowardice that ever distinguishes guilt, endeavoured to skreen themselves from public notice, in order that they might with greater impunity discharge their envenomed shafts into the bosom of their victims. But a fatal and unexpected circumstance at length gave a death-wound to the Beacon. It was discovered that the Lord Advocate,—an officer in whose person are united all the powers of our Grand Jury,—an officer who is virtually the Secretary of State for the sister kingdom, and in whom are vested all the unabolished privileges of the ancient Privy Council of Scotland, in short, the Public Prosecutor and first law-officer of the Crown,—was found to have signed, along with the Solicitor General, his deputies, and other judicial authorities, a secret pecuniary bond in support of this paper which was an outrage on civilized society. It was no longer possible that the Beacon should continue. It hardly survived the discovery; and although it was expected that reparation would be demanded of those who had thus rendered themselves, we trust unintentionally, participators in its guilt, it was hoped that nothing of a similar description would again be attempted. But another journal stepped in to occupy the place of the degraded Beacon; and the SENTINEL proceeded in the same course of wickedness, till the death of Sir Alexander Boswell placed on it the brand of infamy.

To us it is matter of astonishment, how any individuals holding the rank and bearing the character of gentlemen, could so far forget what was due to their name, as in any shape to become the abettors of journals which bring down a stigma on the nation itself. And we do the more marvel, that it has been proved both of the "Beacon" and the "Sentinel," as it is more than surmised of the "John Bull," that those weekly libellers were not altogether obscure, degraded, needy hirelings, but that many of them were persons moving in the highest circles, admitted into the best society, associating with men of honour and integrity.

It is the remark, we think, of Montaigne, that, even in the midst of compassion, we feel a lurking pleasure in the misfortunes of others. And at all events, it is natural to our corrupted nature, to hearken to the tongue of slander, even when we condemn the slanderer. It is therefore intolerable, when the meanest scribbler for hire avails himself of one of the worst propensities of fallen humanity, for the purpose of vilifying and traducing private character. But what must be the fatal result,

if men of weight and of rank, hurried on by the blind violence of party rage, lend themselves as abettors to the venal publishers of calumny and personal abuse, reduce it to a system, and support it by their influence? It is dreadful to contemplate the consequences to which this practice may eventually lead. Its necessary tendency is, to unhinge and barbarize society,—to create distrust and suspicion between man and man, to give birth to the most deadly feuds, to rouse into action the most ungovernable passions, and thus, not merely to continue and perpetuate the practice of duelling, but to introduce the stiletto and the bowl.

We are convinced that we do not speak too strongly upon this subject: we are fully borne out in our assertions by history and observation. But we do trust, that there is sufficient virtue in England, to frown down this system of calumny, as well as to consign to reprobation those lurking assassins of character, those men of rancour and of virulence, who, by their conduct, proclaim to the world, that a difference in politics justifies the most deadly malignity. Be it remembered, that the supporters of the system are not merely those who directly contribute to its prosperity, but that every individual who, influenced by curiosity or any other motive, contributes to its subsistence, must necessarily become a participator in its criminality, and responsible for its results.

We have spoken of this glaring abuse of the Press in Scotland, but it is not confined to Scotland: it is to a very great extent patronised and encouraged in England, by the culpable curiosity of those who themselves detest the principles they unintentionally foster. The duel which has lately occupied so much attention, is to be viewed as a consequence and natural concomitant of the evil we have been deprecating. It resulted from a series of gross and unprovoked attacks commenced in the *Beacon*. Mr. Stuart in vain attempted to discover and drag to light his cowardly calumniator. The *Beacon* was suppressed, and the *Sentinel* was made the vehicle of still grosser and more outrageous abuse.

‘At the period I have come to,’ says his eloquent and powerful defender, Mr. Cockburn, ‘Mr. Stuart did not know, nor had he any suspicion, who the author of these articles was. He and every body else was satisfied that they were not the productions of the printers, but that they came from some person who had not only that spirit which gives sarcasm its edge, but a few of those powers which give it its lustre. Accordingly, every one of his acquaintance saw how deeply they had sunk into his bosom; for, in every one of these articles, the word *Coward* is directly applied to him. These arrows struck the mark for which they were intended, and they cleft that heart they were directed against, though the quiver from which they came had not been discovered.’

At length, an unexpected *eclaircissement* took place. Mr. Stuart's 'half friend and relation,' Sir A. Boswell, was detected as the author of some of the most offensive paragraphs.

'He found,' says Mr. Cockburn, 'a letter from Sir A. Boswell, subscribing a sum of money to defend the Sentinel; in other words, to defend that very defamation for which the Sentinel was prosecuted; and then he found all the previous wrongs levelled at his head, on the authority of no base scribbler, but of a man, not quite his equal in family, to be sure, but fully his equal in public station. What was—what could Mr. Stuart do after this? Was he to submit quietly? Was he not to speak? Was he to huddle up these papers, and go about the world with his diminished head marked with the word Coward? No; he did what (with the exception of the Bench) there is not a man in the kingdom who would not have done.' p. 35.

From the testimony of the Earl of Rosslyn, as well as of his antagonist's second, Mr. Douglas, it appears that, according to the rules of honour, all the proceedings connected with the duel were conducted with the strictest and most gentleman-like propriety, in a manner equally creditable to the moderation, the firmness, and the courage of Mr. Stuart. He conceded every request of his antagonist, was willing to accept any suitable apology, and when the fatal deed was done, and he saw the calumniator of his fame stretched at his feet, 'he was dissolved in all the tenderness of an infant.' 'These gentlemen,' says Mr. Cockburn, 'will tell you that they never witnessed so natural and so generous a flood of sorrow, for the ties which he knew he had broken, and for the life which he knew that he never could recal.' When we take these circumstances into account, and connect with them the extraordinary mildness and suavity of his disposition, his irreproachable integrity of conduct, and the high testimony that was borne to his general character by the most respectable witnesses,—all opposed to him in politics,—we cannot but rejoice at the expected issue of the trial of Mr. Stuart.

But, while we think that it would have been hard to enforce the rigour of the law in the present instance, protected and countenanced as is that practice to which Sir Alexander Boswell fell a sacrifice,—yet, we cannot but protest against this disgraceful remnant of antichristian barbarism. We have already quoted a part of Mr. Cockburn's opening defence, in which he says that no man could have acted otherwise than Mr. Stuart acted; and we shall now quote a portion of the peroration in Mr. Jeffrey's closing speech, partly as a specimen of his eloquence, but chiefly to shew the principles on which Duelling is avowedly justified.

I do not plead for him the apology of provocation. It was not done in heat of blood, or under the influence of any passion, criminal or venial. *It was the deliberate act* of a wounded heart, and a mind convinced and overwhelmed with the sense of its absolute necessity. In the long vista of his repeated meditations, in the cool anguish of nights and days, he saw and felt that he could not live without doing that which brought his own life into hazard, and, what to him was more painful, brought the same danger to his antagonist. He was actuated by no violence, no heat of feeling; his actions now were only in unison with what his words had been before; and these shewed that his motives were pure, defecated from any stain of anger or malignity. From first to last, there is proof that his heart was overwhelmed with the painful sense of what he had unwillingly done to the unfortunate man who injured him; and if his courage and firmness are undeniable, while exposed to danger, the relentings and kindness of his heart are equally displayed when it was over. What he said to Mr. Liston and to Lord Rosslyn, is confirmed by that most pathetic interview with Mr. Gibson, when he exclaimed, "Would to God I *had* taken aim, and then I might have missed him!" When you compare this with the scenes and recollections which had led to it, when you find him agitated and overwhelmed, you must be satisfied that slaughter was not wished for by this person, that nothing was desired by him, but the restoration of his own dignity; you must feel that the fatal act was forced upon him as irresistibly as if he had been the involuntary executioner of a judge's warrant, or a being doing the behests of a higher power. This gentleman, who was called, in language that disgusts and astonishes one, even in the repetition, sometimes a coward, and sometimes a ruffian,—who, as a coward, should have exulted in his safety—as a ruffian, have triumphed over his fallen foe,—what does he do in this moment of instinctive feeling? Why, gentlemen, you find him dissolved in speechless grief. He cannot express in language the misery he feels, upon witnessing the fate to which his unlucky hand had just consigned his enemy. His emotions, indeed, resemble more the meltings of a female bosom than the agitation of a male. When forced from this scene of distress and danger to him, and driven to a foreign land for his immediate safety, we there find him still pursued by his melancholy reflections; and when Mr. Allan communicates to him the certainty that Sir Alexander Boswell was dead by his hands, his burst of grief is overwhelming and frightful; and when he tries to relieve him by the consideration that Sir Alexander's death was brought upon him by his own act, while he (Mr. St. A.) was free from evil design, and forced to what he did, his conduct again is a demonstration of the purity and kindness of his soul. For what does he say? Does this heartless ruffian exult in the agonies of his victim? Does this bully relate the tale of his prowess? No—he is dissolved in tears at the misery he had caused; he is overwhelmed with speechless agony. And when desired to remember that he was a mere instrument in the hands of a higher Power, he turns immediately to those who were about him, and says,

"It may be so, but how can I think of the condition to which I have reduced his wife and children?" p. 170.

We have said that we rejoiced at the issue of the trial. We go further, and assert, that, while sentiments such as those we have quoted about the imperious necessity laid upon Mr. Stuart to vindicate his honour, are thus publicly acknowledged, it would be not only harsh, but positively unjust, to condemn any man to *death*, who had been engaged in a duel that was fairly fought. For we are reluctantly compelled to agree with Mr. Jeffery, when he says:

‘It is a fact, which I believe no person will be bold enough to contradict, that however immoral, however objectionable in many points of view, the practice of duelling may be in itself, it is a practice so established, and the necessity of which is so enforced by sanctions which no man can be expected to resist or defy, as to render, in certain circumstances, such an encounter inevitable to any gentleman. The unfortunate individual who, in obedience to that sanction, exposes his own life and the life of another, is not answerable for the justness or reasonableness of the institution itself.’

This will, indeed, form no apology for the duellist at the bar of God; but it is against duelling as sanctioned by the world, and not as practised by individuals, that we ought to level our indignation. Mr. Jeffrey, in the course of his speech, enters into an ingenious and elaborate defence of Duelling. He exerts all the energies of his extraordinary talents in order to prove, that it is not only a necessary, but a *beneficial* evil; or rather, that it is an evil in theory, a benefit in practice. He calls to his aid many high and respectable authorities. The names of several distinguished philosophers, lawyers, judges, and *clergymen* are marshalled on his side; and foremost on the list, and first in point of weight, we blush to read the name of Samuel Johnson. His sentiments on this subject are recorded by Boswell his biographer, the father of him who died the victim of the principles in which he had been educated. The defence set up for the practice by that grave moralist, is grounded upon the lawfulness of defensive war. He overlooked, it would seem, the vast difference between a nation's solemnly taking up arms to defend its invaded rights, and to repel aggression, and an individual's sending his fellow creature into eternity in order to wipe away the stain of some petty aspersion,—frequently in order to establish his reputation for courage. There should at least be some proportion between the injury done, and the punishment inflicted, to give colour to the supposed analogy. What should we think of the man who, if he were rudely jostled in the street, should draw

a pistol from his pocket, and shoot his assailant dead on the spot? Much is said in the speech before us, of character being dearer than property, while it is lawful to defend our property with arms. We more than doubt the propriety of taking away life in defence of property. It was forbidden by the laws of Moses; and if our own life is not put in peril by the robber, we should be inclined to dispute the right which is thus arrogated on the ground of self-defence. If, however, any positive injury is done to our good name, there are various remedies within our power. But how is our character to be restored, or the stain of calumny effaced, by imbruing our hands in another's blood? It has been said, (we think by Adam Smith,) that our courage is appealed to as the test of our purity and honour. But, independently of the questionable nature of this appeal, history* and observation both attest that some of the most cowardly braggadocios have been noted duellists. And in truth, little courage is necessary to induce a man to engage in a duel. A coward may be found mean enough to decline a challenge, not from any principle of virtue, but merely from a regard to his own safety; but such instances are rare. The smile and approbation of the world are naturally too dear to the heart, and its frown and displeasure are too appalling, to allow of a man's consulting his personal safety, if he is actuated by no higher principle, in the event of a challenge. The man who has built all his hopes and prospects on his worldly reputation, whose thoughts seldom lead him to look beyond the present state of existence, and whose views are limited to the narrow scene that surrounds him, feels himself necessitated to fight. But he is the man of true courage, who, influenced by an imperious sense of duty, and recollecting that he is forbidden to tamper either with his own life or with the life of his brother, calmly refuses to engage in what his conscience tells him is rebellion against his Maker, and, while he feels the bitterness of that scorn which he is sure to encounter, appeals from the judgment of men to the tribunal of God.

It is alleged by Mr. Jeffrey respecting Duelling, that 'however awkward, however imperfect, however unequal and immoral a remedy it may appear, yet, that in point of historical fact, it has come as a corrective to greater immoralities, and a preventive of greater crimes,—' that it has superseded the atrocity of private assassination; and the history of those nations where it prevails most and least, is affirmed to present 'an obvious and conclusive testimony' to the fact, that it affords 'a

* See an anecdote of the second Villiers duke of Buckingham, in Smollett's Travels. Vol. I. pp. 260, 1.

‘remedy for these crimes, and a preventive to these atrocities.’ In Spain, Portugal, and Italy,’ it is said, ‘assassinations are daily occurring, poisonings, stabbings, the basest and most cruel murders.’ Now we must be allowed to remark, that there can be no greater mistake than to confound a casual sequence with a direct consequence. Granting that assassinations became less frequent during the sixteenth century, may not this fact be attributed to the improvement which then took place in the science of government, to the introduction of liberal sentiments through the increase of knowledge, the wider diffusion of religious and moral principles,—in short, to that glorious flood of light which then burst upon Europe, and roused it from the sleep of ages? Nay, we may turn the argument of Mr. Jeffrey against himself, and maintain that the very fact, that poisonings and stabbings *still* prevail in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, proves that Duelling is *not* the preventive of assassination. Duelling is not more strictly prohibited there than in England; but the dark night of superstition has long brooded over those unhappy countries, and the “dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” We rejoice that the morning-star of liberty is already rising upon the mountains of Spain and Portugal; and we trust that, ere long, the empire of Christianity extending itself over the whole world, will banish not only the stiletto, but, in the practice of duelling, the last relic of barbarism.

We allow that some instances may be found in the page of history, in which a blood-thirsty villain has preferred the termination of a deadly feud by honourable combat, to private assassination. But how numerous are the examples upon record, of men possessed of feelings too noble to suffer them to perpetrate assassination, who have not scrupled to commit virtually the same crime, when that crime was disguised in the garb of honour! When Henry III. of France desired Crillon to assassinate the Duke de Guise, he refused, but offered to engage him in single combat.

But we are told by Mr. Jeffrey, that to Duelling we are indebted, not only ‘for the polish and refinement that belong to the members of our upper society, but for what is a great deal more valuable; not only for the high and general esteem in which courage and intrepidity are held, but also for the universal diffusion of fairness, manliness, forbearance, and handsome conduct among all the gentlemen in the land.’ We will not deny that it may operate as some restraint upon the evil passions, or that it may, to a certain extent, be a protection against insults which the law cannot redress. In these plausible apologies there is at least the semblance of truth.

But we hope better things of England and of Englishmen, than to imagine that all those virtues which have been enumerated, are nourished and supported, merely or chiefly, by the dread of chastisement. It is not upon the true gentleman, that such a motive as this can operate; but only upon him who is wanting in all those high and generous feelings which constitute that honourable character. And are there not many belonging to this latter class, who, trusting to their own good fortune, or to the steadiness of their aim, are upon all occasions ready to take or to give offence, and then to support their malignity or rudeness with their pistols? Is there no method by which the tone of society may be preserved, but one which shocks every unsophisticated feeling of the heart,—which visits a hasty word or an involuntary smile with the punishment due only to the darkest crime, too often spreading desolation and mourning through a whole family, rending asunder the firmest and the fondest ties, rudely breaking up the closest and most endearing connexions?

But this is not a question of expedience or utility. It is one upon which a doubt cannot be entertained by the follower of Christ; for, in the Law of God, we behold it stamped with the uncompromising characters of murder. It is a practice which Christianity cannot for one moment tolerate. She leaves the palliations and apologies of the world to the men of the world, and tells them in reply, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. The opinion of men in rebellion against their Maker, can never be a rule of conduct to the Christian. The esteem of his fellow men is grateful and desirable; but, if he beheld the universe arrayed in favour of a practice which Christianity prohibits, like Abdiel, he will be found "faithful amidst the faithless," and will prove that he does not, like the duellist, "love the praise of men more than the praise of God."

Mr. Jeffrey employs considerable time and much ingenuity in proving, that, since in a duel, such as the one in which Sir A. Boswell fell, there was no malice, so, the survivor could not be legally convicted as a murderer. We cannot, indeed, agree with the paradoxical and unaccountable Rousseau, in regarding Duelling as the offspring of revenge; and we are inclined to think that Mr. Jeffrey established his point in the present case, so far as the law of the land is concerned. But if Mr. Jeffrey meant to say that the successful duellist is not guilty of murder before God,—if he meant to say that the absence of malice justifies this unequivocal breach of the seventh commandment, he greatly errs. Instead of quoting the authorities of Johnson, Ferguson, Lord Kaimes, and others, he might at once, and

with the greatest propriety, have introduced into court, the mouldering and forgotten volumes of Lessius, Molinar, Escobar, Reginaldus, Filiutius, and Baldellus. In the writings of these and other Jesuitical casuists, he would have found how the end sanctifies the means,—how it is unlawful to engage in a duel from motives of revenge, but how it is allowable thus to defend our honour. He would have there learned the grand secret of ‘directing the intention.’ But we stop short. We fear that, in the case of duelling, the lesson would be superfluous, for the argument which runs through the whole of his eloquent and most powerful address, is founded upon the self-same principle. Fortunately, however, the fallacy and absurdity of this defence of the practice of Duelling, have been long ago exposed and refuted by no feeble pen. In the 7th and 14th of the “Lettres Provinciales” is contained one of the most forcible and unanswerable exposures of this doctrine, that ever came from the pen of man. In the former of those two letters, all the apologies and palliations of the Jesuitical writers are laid bare, and held up to scorn, by the application of ridicule unmingled with levity, and sarcasm unstained by malice. In the other letter, Pascal throws aside the weapon of ridicule, and no longer able to restrain his indignation, pours the full tide of his impassioned eloquence, yet tempered by the expostulations of his tender spirit, against those who ventured to defend the nefarious practice of Duelling. We cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences from this admirable Writer, ‘the sublime Pascal,’—a man in whom lofty genius, comprehensive intellect, and inimitable taste were so blended with the most elevated devotion and solid piety, that it must ever be the matter of regret, that the superstition of his age, operating upon a frame too feeble to sustain the feverish excitement of his lofty spirit, so soon withdrew him from the world, and buried him in the retirement of the cloister. After reprobating the injustice and wickedness of Duelling, he thus addresses its defenders, the Jesuits. ‘Where are we, my fathers? Are they priests who speak thus? Are they Christians? Are they Turks? Are they men? Are they demons? And are these the mysteries revealed by the Lamb to those of his Society? Or are they abominations suggested by the Dragon to his followers?’

After a most beautiful description of the two kingdoms which divide the world,—the kingdom of Christ, and the kingdom of Satan, he thus proceeds: ‘Jesus Christ has sent into the Church, which is his empire, such laws as seem good to his eternal wisdom; and the Devil has sent into the world, which

* Alluding to the denomination of the Jesuits—‘the Society of Jesus.’

• is *his* kingdom, such laws as he pleased. Jesus Christ has
 • made it an honour to suffer; the Devil, not to suffer. Jesus Christ
 • has commanded those who receive a blow, to turn the other
 • cheek; the Devil has taught men to kill in order to avoid a
 • blow. Jesus Christ has declared those happy who partici-
 • pate in his ignominy; and the Devil declares those wretched
 • who live in ignominy. Jesus Christ has said, "Wo unto you
 • "when all men shall speak well of you;" and the Devil says,
 • "Wo to those whom the world regards not with esteem!"

• Again:—"It is said, "Honour is dearer than life: but it is
 • "permitted to kill in defence of life; therefore we are per-
 • "mitted to kill in order to defend our honour." What, my
 • fathers, because the moral derangement of mankind has made
 • them prefer this false honour to the life which God has given
 • them to serve him withal, shall murder committed in its de-
 • fence be held justifiable? It is in itself a dreadful evil, to
 • prefer such honour to life; and yet, shall this vicious attach-
 • ment, which would stain the *holiest* actions if done with a
 • view to such an end, be held to be a justification of the most
 • criminal?"

• Once more: 'Has not Escobar said, that when a man allows
 • him to live who has given him a blow, he lives without
 • honour? Yes, my fathers, without that honour which the
 • Devil, out of his proud spirit, has transmitted to his proud
 • children. This is the honour which has ever been idolised
 • by those who possess the spirit of the world. It is to pre-
 • serve that glory of which the Devil is the true distributor,
 • that men sacrifice their life by the fury of those duels to which
 • they abandon themselves, their honour by the ignominy of the
 • punishments to which they expose themselves, and their sal-
 • vation by the peril of a future Judgement.'

Art. VII. *A Letter to the Honourable James Abercromby, M. P.* By
 John Hope, Esq. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1822.

IN noticing the trial of Mr. Stuart, we have already animad-
 verted on the licentiousness of a part of the public press
 in Scotland, and also on the encouragement which this has
 given to the continuance of the practice of Duelling. Events
 have subsequently occurred, which tend still further to illustrate
 the magnitude of those evils.

We purposely abstained from alluding to the Parliamentary
 inquiry which is about to be instituted into the conduct of the
 Law-officers of the Crown in Scotland, in regard to their
 alleged support of the offensive Newspapers. But we cannot
 repress our indignation at the attempts which have been made,
 and are still making, to over-awe those who, in discharge of a

sacred and most painful public duty, have deemed it necessary to stand forth as public accusers.

No one who heard the powerful speech of Mr. Abercromby, in his place in parliament, on moving for a Committee of Inquiry, could fail to be struck with the candour, temperance, and gentlemanlike tone which distinguished his remarks. In the opinion of impartial men of all parties, he delivered himself like one who felt the disagreeable nature of the task he had reluctantly undertaken, who was conscious of the deep responsibility of his situation, who was actuated only by a paramount and overwhelming sense of duty, and who, as a Scotsman, was anxious to efface the stain which, in his opinion, attached to the administration of public justice in his native land.

It was, however, open to any man who felt himself aggrieved, publicly to correct any misrepresentation which might have arisen in the course of a long and intricate statement of all the transactions in which the Scotch law-officers of the Crown were implicated. We could not therefore have blamed Mr. Hope, had he confined himself to a vindication of his own conduct. But his "Letter" is not so much a defence of himself, as a personal attack on a member of parliament. He impugns the conduct, and arraigns the motives of Mr. Abercromby, in a tone and style which we should hardly have expected from a man in Mr. Hope's station in society. His pamphlet is distinguished by a degree of overbearing petulance and intemperate bitterness altogether at variance with that modesty which ought ever to adorn the brow of youth. And the only point on which he attempts to vindicate his conduct, is one which does not materially affect the general statement of the case, even if it appeared that Mr. Abercromby had fallen into the mistake of which Mr. Hope complains.

We must also be allowed to remark, that the manner in which Mr. Hope continually alludes to the fatal duel with Sir Alexander Boswell, does no great honour to the kindness of his heart, and certainly will not exalt him in the estimation of the public. A statement regarding the conduct of Mr. Stuart towards the Printer of the "Beacon," is also very unnecessarily quoted from the "Sentinel;" but it has had one good effect; it has afforded an opportunity to Sir Ronald Fergusson to contradict this libel, and to shew, by a reference to the deposition of witnesses, that it was 'a malicious and atrocious falsehood.'

As a literary composition, this Letter contains throughout such gross violations of every principle of correct taste, as to render it almost unworthy of notice. Mr. Hope is a young man, and will, we trust, in his future conduct, display more good sense and good feeling than is visible in this hasty and ill-advised production.

Every one must rejoice that the interference of the House prevented a meeting between Mr. Abercromby and either of the two Scotch advocates. The former has pledged himself to proceed in the investigation, careless of the peril to which he sees he must be exposed. But we trust that the House will discountenance and put down this system of bullying; and we can only regret that Mr. Abercromby, after having conducted himself in a way altogether worthy of the manly and independent character of his illustrious father, should have deemed it essential to the preservation of his honour, to countenance the practice of duelling,—a practice alike repugnant to reason, and contrary to the law of God.

Art. VIII. *A New Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament*, on the Plan of Dawson's Greek and Latin Lexicon. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. Henry Laing, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 427. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1821.

THAT a child should be set right in the beginning of his way, is a maxim which applies with equal propriety to moral culture and to literary education. We cannot but cordially approve of the design of the work before us, though we hesitate to give our unqualified sanction to the manner in which it has been executed. We are fully sensible of the advantages which the present Lexicon possesses from 'the circumstance of its adaptation to the earliest reading of the language,' and from its furnishing to the learner 'the proper quantity of a large number of words most frequently in use;' and we readily admit the utility of an elementary work by which the pupil may be 'led almost imperceptibly, and without additional labour, to adopt a pronunciation more fixed and accurate than could reasonably be expected from the use of a detached treatise on the rules of prosody.' Nothing can be more judicious than this plan of associating the correct attainment of quantity with the learner's acquisition of words. But we regret that the Author has constructed his work on the model of Dawson's Lexicon, which is much too liberal in the assistance that it provides for a young reader of Greek, whose research should be stimulated and wisely directed, but never superseded so far as is the case when the particular mood, tense, and person of a verb, and the several forms of other parts of speech, are distinctly and minutely prepared for his use. The Lexicon before us would have been more valuable as a work of elementary instruction, if it required more application on the part of those for whose benefit it is intended. The whole of the advantages of this "New Greek and English Lexicon for the New Testament," might have been retained in a volume of

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We have noticed some *errata* which have escaped the Author's correction. *Απειδω* (p. 42.) appears without explanation; and *Απειδω*, the root to which reference is made, is omitted. (p. 39.) *Διαζωννυμι* for *Διαζωννυμι*. (p. 90.) *εξεπορευεται* instead of *εξεπορευετο*. (p. 145.) *Επαγγελματος* occurs as the nominative (p. 148). *Επιδνω* has the antepenult long instead of short (p. 156). The future of *Επιστηριζω* should be in *ξω* (p. 161). *ιυρησιν* is said to be the 1 pl. instead of the 2 pl. *Διακονειν* is described as being compounded of *δια* and *ερεκω*; a very questionable etymology.

The Author of this work has been careful to avail himself of the labours of the most accomplished scholars in matters of prosody, in aid of his own researches: he has correctly marked the quantity of the doubtful vowels, following the example of Dr. Maltby in the use of the double sign; and has added copious and instructive genealogical tables to illustrate the history of the New Testament. We should have great pleasure in noticing a revised and amended edition of this Lexicon on the plan which we have suggested.

Art. IX. *Plans for the Government and liberal Instruction of Boys, in large Numbers; drawn from Experience.* 8vo. pp. 254. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1822.

THIS publication contains a minute statement of plans adopted for the discipline and regulation of a large school; and they are said to have been attended with entire success. The great question, in all such cases, refers at once to the operation of the system; and if that can be fairly affirmed to work well, it is scarcely worth while to enter into an elaborate investigation of a complicated mechanism for the sake of detecting an occasional anomaly, or some casual arrangement which may wear the appearance of inefficiency. In the present instance, the Author comes forward to describe the nature and the effects of an extensive scheme founded upon the principles of strict police, and inviolable order and punctuality, maintained by different degrees of magistracy. We have Constables, Juries, Attorney-generals, Judges arranged before us; and considerable pains seem to have been taken to make the

VOL. XVIII. N. S. 1822

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offices efficient, and to guard against the operation of improper motives and feelings.

It is quite impossible for us to enter into a minute analysis of the present volume. The multiplicity of its details, and the variety of the subjects to which they refer, can be adequately learnt only by reference to the book itself, which is well drawn up, and, as containing the plans and results of an experiment in education, is worth perusal.

Art. X. *Rules for the Construction of the Relative Qui, Quæ, Quod, with the Subjunctive Mood*, established by a copious Selection of Examples from Classical Authors; with critical Notes. For the Use of Schools. By A. R. Carson, A.M. Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 148. Edinburgh, 1821.

THERE are two great evils by which those who seek instruction from elementary treatises or critical discussions on the nicer points of idiomatic construction, are perpetually embarrassed—rashness, and want of distinct definition. An incredibly large portion of the great and continually enlarging mass of grammatical criticism, consists of assertions boldly hazarded, but utterly untenable; and at least an equal share is made up of cautious and doubtful approaches, never closing with the point in issue, but, after a tedious parade of knowledge and acumen, leaving it in its original obscurity. The little volume now in our hands, and which, in its first edition, has long been a favourite with us, is not liable to either of these objections. It illustrates, with admirable skill and completeness, a department of Latin construction which had been previously much unsettled; it furnishes a series of valuable exercises in classical composition; and we are sure, since it has now emerged from the limited sphere of its former circulation, that it will be extensively adopted as a class-book.

Mr. Carson will not, we hope, stop here. There are many important philological inquiries in which his leisure might be profitably occupied; and from this specimen of his success, we anticipate further and still more acceptable exertions.

We take this opportunity of recommending the edition of Ruddiman's *Rudiments*, printed at Cupar, 1819. The book seems to have been carefully printed, but it derives additional value from an 'Appendix, containing an elementary View of the Tenses of the Latin Verb,' contributed by Dr. John Hunter, to whose able revision the proof-sheets of the present edition were submitted. We think that this dissertation throws much light on the model and temporal structure of the Verb, and that it will prove of great service to students in the higher classes.

Art. XI. *The Book of Psalms, in Verse*; with a Short Explanatory Preface to each Psalm, taken from the Works of different Writers on the Psalms, but chiefly from Bishop Horne's Commentary. post 8vo. pp. 302. Price 5s. London. 1822.

THE design of this volume is to render the Book of Psalms at once more intelligible and more attractive, and to recommend the study of this portion of the sacred Scriptures to those young persons who may have leisure and opportunity to look more deeply into the subject, and to search for fuller information in the writings of learned and pious commentators. We cannot but warmly applaud the intention of the Writer. Of the merits of his performance, we shall enable our readers to judge for themselves.

‘ PSALM XXIII.

In this beautiful Psalm, David compares God to a shepherd, an image familiar to his own mind from his early course of life, and which is more than once used by our blessed Lord, to represent the relation in which he stands to his people. The Psalm has been supposed to have been written, while the Psalmist was expelled from the holy city and temple, owing to the allusion made in the 6th verse to his hopes of dwelling in the house of God; and, as it mentions a supply of provisions in the face of the enemy, it was probably composed when David, flying from the contest with his disobedient son, pitched his camp beyond Jordan, and was in danger of seeing his little army perish for want of provision in that uncultivated region, until his friends brought him a plentiful supply: see 2nd Sam. chap. xvii. verse 27, 28, 29.

- ‘ 1. The Lord, my shepherd, doth each want supply,
In pastures green he causeth me to lie;
- ‘ 2. My feet by cooling streams he deigns to guide,
And leads me where the peaceful waters glide:
- ‘ 3. My soul he keepeth in his holy way,
And brings me back whene’er I go astray.
- ‘ 4. E’en in my passage through death’s awful vale,
Supported by his staff, I shall not fail:
E’en there will I defy th’ approach of fear,—
E’en there will walk in hope, for he is near.
- ‘ 5. He fills my cup with oil, anoints my head,
My board in presence of my foes doth spread:
His aid through life I surely shall obtain,
And in his house for evermore remain.’ p. 38.

As all the Psalms are versified in the same metre, this short specimen will give a fair idea of the series.

Art. XII. *An Address to the People of England in the Cause of the Greeks*, occasioned by the late inhuman Massacres in the Isle of Scio, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Author of *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania*. 8vo. pp. 44. London. 1822.

OUR readers will have in recollection, that to Mr. Hughes we are indebted for a minutely circumstantial exposure of the sacrifice of Parga on the part of the English Government to its worthy ally, Ali Pasha,—a transaction which he ventured to stigmatise as alike unjust, cruel, and impolitic. That transaction, there is reason to believe, furnishes but too fair a specimen of the politics of the British Cabinet under its present Directors. ‘The reports, and indeed the confident assertions,’ says Mr. Hughes,

‘made in almost every letter which arrives from Greece, that stores and ammunition are sent out in English ships to provision Turkish fortresses; that English officers are serving in the Turkish navy and artillery; that confiscations of property and imprisonment of persons are denounced and executed, by our authorities in the Ionian islands, against the friends and relatives of those whom we are pleased to call Grecian rebels; that the rights of hospitality, in the same quarter, have in many instances been refused to the miserable fugitives from Turkish vengeance; all these considerations render an appeal to the English people still more necessary.—I appeal not to governments, statesmen and politicians. I am aware that they are surrounded with difficulties and perplexing considerations; that they are frequently obliged to pursue what appear to be temporary interests, in preference to those which are more remote, and to adopt a line of policy which their consciences cannot help condemning. But, whilst I endeavour to shew that the policy of supporting such an empire as Turkey is weak and vain, unless it were possible to effect an entire change in the moral habits and religious principles of its constituents, I would excite that ardour and enthusiasm in the breasts of my countrymen, which may lead them to express openly their sentiments in the cause of humanity.’

We confess that this is a subject on which we scarcely dare trust ourselves to speak. Should it appear that England, or rather its ministers, have, either from commercial considerations, or from the state maxims of the Holy Alliance, connived at the massacre of the Greeks, loud, and deep, and everlasting execration is the only language fit to be employed in reference to their conduct. But, alas! by what foreign nation are they not execrated, except the Russians and the Turks? And ‘is it fear of Russia,’ asks Mr. Hughes, ‘which forces European cabinets into such a measure as patronising a power like Turkey? Is it in the empire of the Sultan that they would oppose a barrier to its aggrandisement? Vain hope! The colossus of clay will be kicked down, whenever it shall please the arctic despot to stretch out his leg.’

We earnestly recommend the perusal of this Address to our readers.

ART. XIII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

* * *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the Press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works, which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

Captain Manby, Author of the Means of saving Persons from Shipwreck, has nearly ready for publication, a Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in the year 1821, with graphic illustrations. In 1 vol. 4to.

In the press, the Odyssey of Homer, translated in English prose as literally as the different idioms of the Greek and English language will allow; with explanatory notes. In 2 vols. 8vo. By a Member of the University of Oxford.

Mr. Hogg has in the press, a new edition, with considerable improvements, of his Concise and Practical Treatise on the Growth and Culture of the Carnation, Pink, Anemone, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, Tulip, and other flowers. In 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Walter Wilson has in the press, the Life and Times of Daniel Defoe, with an account of his writings, and anecdotes of several of his contemporaries.

Mr. Thomas Nuttall will soon publish, Travels into the Arkansa Territory, with observations on the manners of the Aborigines; illustrated by a map and other engravings.

Mr. William Cooke has in the press, an Abridgement of Prof. Morgagni's work on Diseases, with copious notes.

Sixteen Practical Sermons, by the Rev. Richard Postlethwaite, rector of Roche, will soon appear.

Mrs. C. Hutton, author of the Tour of Africa, will soon publish, Memoirs of the Queens of England, with a Sketch of the Kings.

The Political Life of his Majesty George the Fourth, is preparing for publication in an octavo volume.

Mr. P. W. Watson, of Hull, is collecting materials for a Dendrologia Britannica (trees and shrubs that will live in the open air of Britain), to be published in octavo, and illustrated by coloured plates.

The Rev. Richard Hennah will soon publish, in a royal octavo volume, an

Account of the Lime Rocks of Plymouth, with ten lithographic prints of some of the animal remains found in them.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing for publication, in four small octavo volumes, Scottish Songs, ancient and modern; with notes, a critical introduction, and characters of the most eminent lyric poets of Scotland.

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue is printing, in an octavo volume, Academic Lectures on Subjects connected with the History of modern Europe.

The Rev. Jonathan Walton, rector of Birdbrook, has two volumes of Sermons in the press.

Mr. Gideon Mantell is preparing a Description of the Strata and Organic Remains of Tilgate Forest: with observations on the beds of limestone and clay that alternate in the iron-sand of Sussex, and numerous representations of extraordinary fossils discovered.

The History and Antiquities of Lewes, by the Rev. T. Horsfield and J. W. Woollgar, with the Natural History of the district, by G. Mantell, will soon appear in a quarto volume, with numerous lithographic prints.

The Rev. James Joyce will soon publish, in an octavo volume, a Treatise on Love to God, considered as the perfection of Christian morals.

The Remains of the late Alexander Leith Ross, A.M. of Aberdeen, with a memoir of his life, is nearly ready for publication. This volume will contain the literary remains of a young man distinguished for talents, piety, and extensive attainments in general knowledge, especially in Oriental literature.

In the press, an Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, in a series of letters from a father to his daughter, chiefly intended for the use and advancement of female education. By a Barrister at Law, F.R., F.A. and F.L.S.

In the course of the present month will be published, in 8vo, The Situation

of England in regard to Agriculture, Trade, and Finance, with a comparison of the prospects of England and France. By Joseph Lowe, Esq. This work contains an historical summary of the remarkable fluctuations that have taken place in our national resources since 1792; and explains, at considerable length, the respective operation of war and peace. The revolutions to which our agriculture, our trade, our paper currency have been successively subjected, are passed in review, as well as the rapid increase of our population, and its effect on our public revenue. The situation of France, in these respects, is

explained and compared with that of England; and the concluding chapters of the book are appropriated to the consideration of—the disproportion still existing in the case of wages, salaries, and other money incomes—the operation of a sinking fund—and the expediency of a change in our financial system.

In the press, a Treatise on the Use of Mosca, as a Therapeutical agent, by Baron Larrey: translated from the French, with notes, and an introduction containing a history of the substance. By Robley Dunglison, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Art. XIV. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice from St. Helena. The opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his life and government, in his own words. By Barry E. O'Meara, Esq. his late Surgeon. With portraits, 2 vol. 8vo. 11. 8s.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, with anecdotes of some of his contemporaries. 8vo. with a fine portrait by Harlowe, 14s.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Written by Himself. Edited, with notes, from the last Milan edition, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. with a portrait. 11. 4s.

Memoirs of the Life of Artemi of Wagarschat, near Mount Ararat, in Armenia, from the original Armenian, written by Himself. With an engraved view of Mount Ararat. 8vo. 12s.

EDUCATION.

A Dictionary of French Homonymes; or, a new Guide to the Peculiarities of the French Language, being a collection of French expressions similar in sound, but differing in signification: illustrated by numerous anecdotes, jeux de mots, &c. particularly designed for those who are desirous of acquiring the language of social intercourse. By D. Boileau. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Chronological Notes of Scottish Affairs, from 1680 till 1701; being chiefly taken from the Diary of Lord Fountainhall. 4to. 11. 16s.

A History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration; with an introduction, tracing the progress of society, and of the constitution, from the feudal times to the opening of the history; and including a particular examination of Mr. Hume's statements relative to the character of the English Government. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate. 4 vols. 8vo. 11. 12s. 6d.

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A Collection of the several Points of Sessions Law, alphabetically arranged, contained in Burn, Blackstone, Coats, and Nolan. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, A. M. Rector of Gussage St. Michael, Vicar of Christ Church, and one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Hants. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 8s.

The Trial of James Stuart, Esq. Younger of Dunearn, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, on Monday the 10th of June, 1822. With an Appendix of Documents. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

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